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Rev David Purves,
from
William Mc Dowall,
with kind regards
10th may 1883.

THE

# MAN OF THE WOODS,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM McDOWALL,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE BURGH OF DUMFRIES;"
"MEMORIALS OF ST. MICHAEL'S;" "BURNS IN DUMFRIESSHIRE;"
"THE MIND IN THE FACE," ETC.

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SECOND EDITION.

GREATLY ENLARGED.

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To

The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery

THIS WORK

IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

AS A HUMBLE EXPRESSION OF HIS HIGH REGARD

FOR THE

CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF HIS LORDSHIP

AS A SCOTTISH PATRIOT,

AND AS A

BRITISH PEER AND STATESMAN.

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# PREFACE.

A FAVOURABLE reception was given to "The Man of the Woods, and other Poems," when it first appeared a good deal more than thirty years ago; and the edition, which must have been a small one I think, was soon exhausted. It has, I understand, been frequently inquired after at the local booksellers during the long interval that has since elapsed, but no one ever spoke to me regarding a work which I had looked upon, regretfully enough, as nearly quite forgotten, and of which I had not even seen a copy for fifteen years or more. Towards the close of 1879, I succeeded in borrowing one for the purpose of sending it, by request, to Mr. A. G. Murdoch, Glasgow, when he was preparing his excellent work, "Recent and Living Scottish Poets." Specimens of the volume were introduced by him, prefaced with words of praise, and some of the extracts were copied by Scottish newspapers and flatteringly commented upon—one

reviewer going so far as to blame the author of the verses quoted, for keeping his poetical light, for half a lifetime, so much under a bushel. Thus was I led to prepare a new edition of the work, with additions; and the result is now placed before the public. No change has been made on the text of the chief poem, except that a new piece—"The Lay of the Liberated Leaves"—has been introduced. The next poem—"The Martyr of Erromanga"—appears again in an unaltered form, this being its third edition. All the miscellaneous pieces, old and new—the latter occupying (with their links of prose narrative) more than a fourth of the entire volume—have been united under the general title of "An Ingleside Entertainment."

W. M^cD.

17 Cresswell Terrace,
*DUMFRIES, 1st December, 1882.*

# THE MAN OF THE WOODS.

. . . "Me, Goddess, bring
To shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
And as I stray, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood."—*Il Penseroso.*

"And this our life, obscure from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees."—*Shakspeare.*

"The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right."—*Emerson.*

## PART I.

INTRODUCTORY LAMENT for the death of HERBERT, the Man of the Woods—His youthful associate resolves to seek consolation for the loss by recounting the lessons learned from his aged friend, and proceeds accordingly.—Brevity of human life, as illustrated by the Ash Tree in Troqueer Church-yard—Its durability, while many generations of men have passed away—But its certain ultimate fall, without hopes of the resurrection to which man is heir, makes its destiny incomparably inferior to his.—King Oak, Windsor—Battle of Hastings alluded to—The Tree on which the Conqueror gazed has seen him, and many of his successors, vanquished by death, and still survives to mock at earthly glory.—Perils of ambition and vanity, shown in the fate of the Castaway Pine.—Fir Tree on Lincluden Abbey—Contrast drawn between the bloom of the Tree and the desolation of the Ruins which have nourished it—Lament for the forlorn condition of the Abbey—Caution given to the Plant, lest he should, elated by supremacy, aspire to a still more dangerous height, and thus reap the reward of "vaulting ambition."—The Blighted Beech—His haggard appearance testifies the existence and operation

of a retributive principle, and is a mute homily against pride and selfishness—Scathed by lightning, because he strove to grow and flourish at the expense of his fellows—They see his degradation, and address him consolingly; and then offer garlands to hide his shame—His reply.

I STILL frequent yon waving woods,
Though in their shadow sorrow broods;
Still through their tortuous windings stray,
Where, from the toiling world away,
I spent my childhood's choicest hours,
Or hunting bees, or gathering flowers,
Or listening to the linnet's strain,
Or that sweet voice, which ne'er again
Shall linger on my spirit's ear,
To woo a smile or win a tear,
And bid my plastic bosom thrill,
Submissive to its varied will.

No wonder if the woods seem grave,
That sad their sylvan banners wave,
That cheerlessly they look and lone—
The guardian of their growth is gone—
The good old man, with silver hair,
And manners mild, and knowledge rare.
Each tree of all the tribe he knew,
And loved the very shade they threw;
Each spot within the forest bound,
To him was consecrated ground;

Here was life's latest period spent,
And here he died at last, content.

But though, since here he used to stray,
The woods seem robed in sad array;
And though, in spite of summer bloom,
They breathe to me congenial gloom—
Shall I in listless sorrow mourn
Above his foliage-shaded urn?
Far rather let me fondly strive
To store in memory's busy hive
The golden precepts which he taught,
With tenderness and wisdom fraught;
Then from its cells the treasure bring,
And take the lyre and touch the string,
And, whilst the woodland echoes swell,
Recount the tales he used to tell—
The simple talk, so strangely drest,
So strongly on my mind imprest;
For much he loved in trees to trace
The fortunes of our human race,
And all our states and feelings paint
In forest allegory quaint.
This shall assuage my spirit's pain;
Thus shall I seem to catch again
Each lesson from his lips, and best
My love, my reverence, attest.

I.

My son, the reverend sage would say,
Look how these beauteous leaves decay
When wintry winds assail!
Their vital force, their verdant bloom,
The subtlety of sweet perfume,
To shield them from the threatened doom
Of death can ne'er avail.
Vain in their parent boughs they trust
To fend them from the fearful gust;
Prone to the dry devouring dust
They sink beneath the gale;
But still the fostering trunk defies
The fury of the angry skies,
Though mighty Boreas tries and tries
To snap his roots in twain;
Though death, at some far-distant date,
Like Hercules in strength and hate,
May fix the forest monarch's fate,
Their hold they still retain.

II.

And long has this time-honoured tree
Survived the wintry shock, to see
His myriad leaves depart—

To mark a mighty, countless host
Of men, like shrivell'd foliage tost
Down to the dust, in darkness lost;—
  Nay, boy, why dost thou start?
The spirit lies not hushed and hid
Beneath the turf-locked coffin lid;
It does not die; but this I say,
Our earthly life is as a day,
A dream that passeth soon away;
'Tis leaf-like, reckoned by a span:
How frail, how mutable is man!

III.

If thou would'st this still better know,
Come with me to yon place of woe,
  To hopeless Sorrow dear,
Or rather Love—for Love doth keep
The casket where her jewels sleep,
And tireless holds her vigils deep
  Around thy fane, Troqueer.
Awhile we roamed with grief impressed,
And then old Herbert thus addressed
The ancient Ash, whose branches spread
Above the city of the dead:—

## THE ASH TREE IN TROQUEER CHURCH-YARD.*

Hail, hoary Ash! whose hallowed shade
O'er-canopies the slumbering dead,
And casts congenial gloom around
The precincts of this holy ground!
Now age amongst thy leaves has crept,
And from thy form its freshness stript;
Time on thy trunk his hand has laid,
And, pointing to the tombs, has said—
"Ere long to death thy head must bow,
And thou shalt be as these below;
Thy youth—thy prime—thy autumn past,—
Be levelled with the earth at last."
But though life's close be thus revealed,
Strength still remains its germ to shield—
Strength to sustain the tempest's shock,
And long its fiercest fury mock,
To keep thee pillared on the plain,
Life's emblem in the grave's domain,

* This Church-yard occupies the west corner of the parish of Troqueer, opposite Dumfries, and the Tree of the poem still (1882) keeps its place. Not far off stands Mavis Grove, where Colonel de Peyster, the friend of Burns, resided. The shady retreat, north of the mansion—called, after its occupant, "the Colonel's Wood"—was a favourite haunt of Herbert and his young companion.

Whilst marking, 'neath thy foliage shrined,
The sons of men to dust consigned.

Since first, to woo the wind's embrace,
Arose thy form in youthful grace,
What change successive years have wrought;
What saddening scenes dread Death has brought;
What change to thee, from green to grey—
To these, the insatiate monarch's prey!

Here lie—so moss-fringed lines unfold—
The relics of a patriarch old;
Then, fair and frolicsome with joy,
A careless mind-unburdened boy:
Mirth filled his chalice to the brim,
Health smiled upon each sinewed limb,
Love spake in each parental tone,
And called the beauteous child its own;
For him this thorny vale of ours
Seemed strewed with honey-dropping flowers.

Years fled along, and with them flew
The happy hours his boyhood knew;
Life's proud, but perilous, high noon
Came with its conflicts all too soon;
Its waning cycle, thick with cares,
Brought early eld and hoary hairs;

Now scanty strength for him remains,
A staff his tottering step sustains;
By weariness and want oppress,
He sighs and groans to be at rest;
And, listening to his fervent prayer,
His mother Earth receives him there,
Beneath thy branches, old Ash Tree,
Whilst thou surviv'st his fate to see.

There, where thy farthest boughs extend,
His relics rest, who called me friend:*
Shed o'er him, Tree, one withered leaf,
And share and mitigate my grief.
Here Beauty's final couch is made,
Her flowery diadem decayed:
Oh, cruel Death! that needs must fare
Upon such dainties, choice and rare.
Here, in his tent, the soldier tried,
Who ne'er from foeman turned aside;
If courage with the Grave could vie,
Thou wouldst not thus inglorious lie.
This tablet speaks a son of fame,
That consecrates a lowlier name;
For here, around, the rich and great
With humble beggars congregate,

* See Note at the end of Part I.

Bed-fellows all—a motley throng,
Yet sound their dreamless sleep, and long;
They slumber peaceful, side by side,
'Neath stoneless turf, or pile of pride;
And Pomp would scarce her children know
In the vast commonwealth below;
Whilst thou, old Tree, o'er all look'st down,
As if thou wore'st a kingly crown,
And these, so lowly at thy feet,
Were prostrate slaves thy rank to greet:
Creation's lords they claimed to be;
Vain title! since the grey Ash Tree,
Once scorned, perchance, in triumph waves
His budding sceptre o'er their graves.

He stopped, and then, with kindling eye,
Continued thus in loftier tone,
Expressive of the visions high
Upon his inward spirit thrown,
As if a vista through the sky
Had glimpse of saintly glory shown:—

Rejoice, old Monarch, whilst thou may!
Thy term of triumph speeds away;
These severed leaves, with dirge-like call,
But ante-date their parent's fall;
And tell, what thou wouldst fain mistrust,
That trees, as well as men, are dust.

Alas, for thee! once downward cast,
Thy proud pre-eminence is past.
Alas, for thee! once swept from view,
No summer shall thy strength renew—
A prisoner in oblivion's womb,
Heir of no second birth or bloom.
How are thy sylvan honours shed,
Thy garniture and glory fled!
The tones which earth's foundation shake,
And bid the sentient clay awake,
Which break corruption's bands of might,
Shall never on thy chains alight,
Nor vivifying force impart,
For *unredeemèd dust thou art.*

Now, whilst thy name and place are known,
Be thy unblighted honours shown;
Now be thy boughs in triumph tost,
Then fall—and be for ever lost.

But those who sleep beneath thy shade,
Shall hear and heed the summons made;
And on thy conqueror, Death, look down,
And claim the imperishable crown.

Heaven grant, on that life-giving morn,
That none below may rise forlorn—
From death, but not from danger, free,
Thy fate to envy, old Ash Tree!

IV.

We parted; but, next day, again
My reverend friend renewed his strain.
I said man's life was short and vain—
A sand drop by the sea—
A leaf cast from the careless oak,
Which lives a vegetating rock,
His loftiest enterprise to mock—
The sight has humbled me.

V.

But let us now in fancy stray
Through Windsor's forest greenly gay,
And for thy use recall
The lordly Tree* which once did frown
On him who rent Old England's crown,
And smote her guardian lion down,
And bound her sons in thrall.

* The King Oak is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror. It stands near the enclosure at Cranbourn, is twenty-six feet in circumference at three feet from the ground, and is supposed to be the largest and oldest oak in Windsor forest.—*Loudon's Trees and Shrubs of Britain.*

## THE KING OAK, WINDSOR.

Hark, Harold! Peace has spent her charm,
And Rapine peals his loud alarm;
For on thy coast a countless swarm
  Of fierce invaders fall.
Their leader comes thy throne to claim,
To cloud thy stainless shield with shame;
Strike for thy own and country's fame—
  Her altars and her all.
He hurries forth with warriors proud,
Who round the royal banner crowd,
And rend the air with plaudits loud,
  Then with the plunderers close.
Alas to tell! for freedom's sake
The patriots lose the priceless stake;
Their gallant life's blood scarce can slake
  The rancour of their foes.
And William seeks the gory field,
His breast by stern ambition steeled,
And tears the crown from Harold's brow,
And cries, "I am a conqueror now!"

Methinks I hear this stubborn Tree
Reply, "Thou hast not conquered me!
Go, and without one burning blush,
This country's prostrate children crush,

Then sit thee down a king,
And seek to make thy throne secure,
As if it might for aye endure:
Alack! with all its pomp how poor,
How pitiful a thing!
Thy sceptre is a paltry reed;
Thy robe is but a worthless weed;
Go, wrap thee in a shroud instead,
Which death so soon shall bring.
Grave! give this mighty conqueror room—
But I shall cheat thy maw, and bloom."

Since then twice twenty rulers great
Have claimed the Conqueror's sway and state,
Have filled his throne, and shared his fate—
Stern Death's dethroning shock.
Since then, a thousand times the Spring
Has fanned the woods on phœnix wing,
And every time her feathers fling
Around this stalwart Oak
A fleecy vest of grey and green;
And then he reigns o'er king and queen,
O'er human pride, to mock.

Thus frail the earthly lot of man;
But when his heavenward hopes we scan,
As we did yesterday,

The forest tribes their heads abase
Beneath his quenchless spirit's gaze,
The seas no more their murmurs raise,
  The mountains melt away.
A brighter destiny, by far,
Than centres in yon rising star,
  Dawns on the child of clay,
If here he puts in Heaven his trust,
To God, himself, and brethren just.

VI.

Next morn my old preceptor said—
Let us forsake this forest glade,
  Our sheltering, dear retreat.
By Nith's green banks awhile we'll roam,
Where Cluden's crystal waters come
  Her sister stream to greet.
A far-famed Abbey rises there,
Still, in its ashes, wondrous fair;
And, strange! as with maternal care,
Upon their breast these ruins bear
  A youthful, blooming Pine:
So, though my primal strength is done,
May I still nurture thee, my son,
  Though low in life's decline.*

* The references in this verse are to Lincluden Abbey and to a Tree that flourished many years on one of its time-worn turrets. Built

VII.

We wandered forth; but just before
We reached the mouldering ruins hoar,
My friend stood still, and look'd aghast,
Then cried, "Ah! is he gone at last—
That beauteous Tree, but vain!
Here late he grew in strength and grace,
A Pine Tree, prince of all the race;—
How short his sylvan reign!
He rose upon this dizzy steep,
Each dream of danger hushed asleep,
Nor heard the hurrying waters leap,
Impatient for their prey—
He rose above the wild abyss,
And thought of nought but bloom and bliss—
A brief yet brilliant vision his
Of ever-during sway.
Swept in the summer of his mirth,
Cast like an alien from the earth—

fully six hundred years ago as a house for Benedictine nuns, the Abbey had its destination changed by Archibald, Earl of Douglas and Lord of Galloway, who converted it into a College and Provostry—hence the name "Auld College," as popularly given to it in its desolated condition. Burns frequently wooed the Muse round the precincts of the ruined edifice.

The Pine Tree of the next stanza stood, among many woodland brethren, on the high steep bank of the Nith, a short distance southward of the ruins.

I would have wept to see
The fearful struggling which he made,
Though shamed at first to seem afraid—
The fervency with which he prayed,
"Sweet Mother! pity me."
Abandoned both by earth and sky,
Thus might the tempest's victim cry:—

---

## THE CASTAWAY PINE.

"Help, help, Mother Earth! for my peril is great,
As I hover convulsed on the verge of fate.
Help, Mother dear! for the tempest wild
Would tear from thy bosom thy trembling child,
And cast me adrift on the surging sea,
Far from my forest friends—severed from thee.

Help, Mother dear! I have clung to thee long,
And my stem with thy nurture is graceful and strong;
My boughs with a mantle of green overcast
Are rich: but alas for that terrible blast!
It rifles my leaves with its ruinous sweep,
It tosses my trunk on the brow of the deep.
Now, stark like a goblin to frighten the crow,
I scarce know myself in the mirror below.

So ample in girth, and so fair to the view,
No rival in all the green forest I knew;

So peerless in height, and so perfect in form;
So envied by all: but that blustering storm
Is drowning my speech, and myself it would throw
O'er the sand-bank, to drown in the billows below.

Help, Mother Earth! I have long been thy pride:
Now cheat the wild waves, and the elements chide;
All fruitless their efforts thy orbit to move:
And hast thou no pity, no power to reprove
The pestilent horde, who would trample in scorn
The nursling so long on thy fond bosom borne?
Thou wilt from the grasp of the foe set me free,
For the griefs of thy children are grievous to thee.

Oh, were it my fate on the sward to be thrown,
When frail, with the grey garb of age overgrown,
When ripe for the stroke which would bring me release,
Its gentle assault I might suffer in peace—
Then fade from the sight at its summons, resigned
To slumber in dust with the rest of my kind,
To die when the growth of my glory is past,
Then crumble away with my brothers at last.

Such fate I could patiently suffer; but now,
When young life exults in each vigorous bough,
All glowing with health—in the morn of my bloom
Earth-banished—devoured by the deluge of gloom—
Thou canst not permit me to taste such a doom!

Help, Mother dear!"—but the faltering shriek
Of the ill-fated Pine in the tempest grows weak.
His quivering roots from their fastenings are wrung,
And forth on the foam-crested tide he is flung.
Vain does he, whelmed in the womb of the sea,
Beaten and breaker-bound, strive to get free.

Bootless thy efforts—thy eloquence vain!
Askest thou grace from the merciless main?
The Mother who bore thee refuses thy prayer;
And dost thou petition thy foe to forbear?
Ask fruit ere the harbinger blossoms come forth,
Or nourishing gales from the desolate north;
Seek succour or strength from the axe-given
stroke,
Or warmth from the winter, or buds from the rock,
Or beauty and bloom from the venomous blight—
But ask not the ravening waves for respite.
No claim for compassion their efforts can baulk
To tear thy green limbs from their weltering stalk;
Then bear thee away to a region of waste,
Like a pest from the confines of Paradise chased.
Ah me! could the fierce winds thy destiny know,
They would wail with regret to have brought thee
so low—
That frolic of theirs should reduce thee to this,
A castaway, swept from thy kingdom of bliss.

Thus had I, sad with the spectacle, cried—
Thus mourned for the Pine Tree cut down in his pride.
But yesterday, here in high vigour he stood,
No peer ('twas his boast) in the far-spreading wood,
Full proud of his strength and his sylvan array;
But the meanest looks down on the mighty to-day.
How dismal his fortunes! but vainly I weep,
For tears are but rain to the pitiless deep:
They may fall, but as vain will the glistering dew
At even-tide weep by the spot where he grew.
Ah! woe for the wind and the merciless main,
The Pine Tree shall ne'er drink its nectar again!

VIII.

By this we reached the ruined fane
Whence rose of yore the chaunted strain,
Which never from its courts again,
Shall incense-like arise;
Though scarce could rapt Devotion meet
On earth a more congenial seat
Than this so long her loved retreat,
Which now degraded lies.
Awhile we mute and mournful gazed;
Then, thus his voice old Herbert raised:—

## THE FIR TREE ON LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Sore crumbled seem those turrets grey,
And fastly hurrying to decay;
A dread and downcast air is thrown
Upon each time-disfigured stone.
How desolate the scene appears!
And, dimly seen through dropping tears,
Methinks I mark, from yonder wall,
Stern Ruin fling his dusky pall;
And fancy hears him hoarsely cry,
"No rival to my reign have I!"

That sound is but the babbling gale;
That sign portends not waste or wail.
How should a thing so green and free
The dark Destroyer's emblem be?
Though Ruin's hand has sore defaced
Whate'er the skilful chisel traced,
And tried with too successful wile
To mar the consecrated pile—
Yet rules he not in reckless pride,
His baleful influence undefied;
For, 'bove the spoiler's sceptre springs
A form which sense of gladness brings—

This thing of life, which lifts its head
As rose leaves o'er a coffin lid,
Regardless of the wreck below—
Joy's symbol 'midst a scene of woe.

Green stripling of the forest tribe,
Which from dead walls dost life imbibe!
What pity that a fane so fair
Should first dismantled be, and bare,
Ere thou, so late a humble cone,
Upon its tender mercies thrown,
Could rear aloft thy youthful crest,
In ever-verdant beauty drest!
But thou of this parental aid
Hast mindful been, and payment made.
Stay, nourishment and strength are thine;
And gratefully the nursling Pine
Admits his mural mother's claim,
And, all to soothe her hour of shame,
Now twines a wreath of bud and bough,
To deck her deeply-furrowed brow.

Furrowed, alas! forlorn, defaced,
Though once with costly splendour graced;
Despoiled, deserted, and defiled,
Though long a holy dwelling styled.
Where do thy sainted inmates roam,
Thou scathed and solitary dome?—

No neophyte the world resigns
Unwept, to worship at thy shrines.
Earth's pleasures may be poor indeed;
But what hast thou to give instead?

No lingerer lifts the hand to bless;—
No pageant crowds the void abyss.
Why rises not the chaunted hymn,
To cheer thy courts so dread and dim?
(And why thus warble, sweetest bird,
As if the long-sealed fount were stirred?)
The altar and the flame are fled—
The odour which the censer shed;
A silence reigns in every cell,
Which to the inner ear can tell
More truthfully than loudest tone,
Thy glory is for ever gone;
Nor hope the faintest sign can see
At variance with the stern decree.

From this grave scene now turn the eye
To mark the gay green Tree on high.
See how its matted foliage waves,
How well the brawling wind it braves,
How haughtily its arms are cast,
How careless of the sweeping blast—
The cynosure of neighbouring pines,
To whom each fellow-fir resigns

Its claim to notice or renown,
Meek vassal of its verdant crown.
But, would'st thou hear, young woodland chief,
I'd ask, in language blunt and brief,
If thou wast raised by right of worth
Thus far above the common earth?
True, thou dost straight and greenly grow—
So do thy brethren here below;
In graceful folds thy tresses twine,
But theirs are beautiful as thine;
Nor do thy princely weeds exhale
More fragrance to the vesper gale
Than these plebeian pines bequeath,
Who droop their heads thy heel beneath.
So, if thou wilt but answer sooth,
With that uncourtly virtue—truth,
Nor for thy seat a tenure find
Scarce known to kings of human kind,
Confess, no merits of thy own
Has given thee this aerial throne.

Fair Tree! I would not wish to wrest
One leaflet from thy honoured crest.
Long to thy spreading boughs be given
The sun, the shower, the dew of heaven;
May no insidious blight consume
Thy being's source, thy beauty's bloom,

Lest Nature's self should rue the void
Her sweet supremacy destroyed,
And Art should cry in triumph thus:—
"Hast thou become as one of us?
Thou that didst flaunt thy flowery pride
My desecrated fane beside:
Thy works are mutable as mine—
This hallowed house, that precious Pine,
Alike the spoiler's influence own,
Nor longer shall I mourn alone."

IX.

But such dread doom thou need'st not fear,
If Wisdom's voice thou wilt but hear—
Live with thy state content!
Take warning from yon wilful Tree,
Whom thou but yesterday did'st see,
Prone from the verdant woodland lea,
To dark perdition sent.
Nor seek, with selfish aims elate,
To reach, like him, a dangerous height,
Lest ruin by the roots await,
Or 'mong thy branches rave:
For sure and great would be thy fall,
With none to help or heed thy call,
When rends the over-burthened wall

To form the Fir Tree's grave;
Then thou, among its fragments laid,
Would'st mourn in darkness, disarrayed,
Crushed in the wreck thyself had made.
May sweet Diana save
Thy empire from so foul an end,
That thou may'st long thy verdure lend
To grace these turrets dread and grim;
To prompt the heart's untutored hymn
To that Almighty Power,
Who summons with creative breath,
Life, beauty, from the dust of death,
And bids the desert flower.

X.

But let us seek yon mountain side,
And 'neath its leaf-wrought roof abide,
And further learn the price of pride
By all its votaries paid.
Upon the wild wood tenants all,
We hurried, gazed, till one like Saul
Above his fellows, gaunt and tall,
Our wandering footsteps stayed.
In stature vast, without a peer
He stood—but ah, with look so drear,
He seemed so desolate, so sere,

The Gorgon of the glade.
His glance it might, so woe-begone,
The Spirit of the Spring dethrone,
And turn her bursting buds to stone,
Her ruddy cheek to snow,
As those mysterious waters seize,
In Knaresborough Well,* the trembling trees,
Till in their grasp life's current freeze,
And thus to rock they grow,
And there they stand like statues pent
In marble—their own monument.

XI.

His outstretched limbs were bleached and bare,
No foliage veiled his brow of care,

* The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, is first visible about fourteen yards below the top of a small mountain of coarse lime-stone on the west side of the town; it falls down in the same contracted rapid stream about a yard, and at a second fall at two yards distance it comes two feet lower, then three or four, and so falls upon an easy descent, divides and spreads itself upon the top of an isthmus of a petrified rock, generated out of the water, and there falls down round it, about five yards from the River Nid. The top of this isthmus hangs over its bottom four yards. This little rocky island slipped down and started from the common bank upwards of a century ago, and leaves a chasm between them from a yard and a half to three yards wide. In this chasm on the back and lower side of the part that is fallen down may be seen the phenomena alluded to in the text.—*Dr. Short in Penny Magazine, 1837.*

But dark remorse seemed written there;
The sight might prompt the lips to prayer,
To penitence the heart.
At least I felt the blighted Beech
Unto my soul's recesses reach,
And thus like Nemesis to preach,
"From Folly's paths depart.
Each law transgressed like adder stings,
From lawless pleasure sorrow springs,
Pride in its train destruction brings.
If thou would'st happy be,
Thy self-idolatry forego,
Look on my punishment and woe;
And lest thou sin and suffer so
From pride—Remember me;
Each creature gains just as he gives;
A God of retribution lives."

XII.

Next day I sought the greenwood shade,
And, when we met, the old man said,
I did not fail to see
That thou, subdued with sad amaze,
Did'st tremblingly and tearful gaze
Upon the spectre Tree.

So sorrowful indeed the sight,
I saw him in my dreams last night,
And heard his piteous moan.
Methought he was a plant accurst,
On whom the bolt of Heaven had burst,
For seeking to be highest—first,
To fill the forest throne:
That with this vicious end in view,
He monopolized the pearly dew,
And like a stalwart Upas grew
For self and sway alone.*
Till forth the impatient lightning leapt,
And with fell swoop the robber stript,
Then sore his naked branches whipt
With scourge of cruel flame.
And then I thought the sylvan race
Felt pity for his deep disgrace,
And all to mitigate its trace
With votive foliage came:
Their injuries forgot—forgiven,
Now that he bore the curse of Heaven.

* If one tree merits more than another to be taken as an emblem of ambition, it is the Beech, not only because it requires more than a proportionate share of nutriment, but because its exudations are so pernicious that no vegetable thrives well in its neighbourhood. Both Evelyn and Gilpin notice this title of the Beech to the "bad eminence" assigned to him.

But that the tale complete may seem,
I'll tell thee at more length my dream;
How first, to soothe and comfort him,
In sympathy thus sang
His green companions of the dell,
While, sorrow-bowed, their foliage fell,
And every shoot with grief did swell,
And sad the welkin rang.

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## THE BLIGHTED BEECH.

### THE LAMENT.

What can we do for thee, brother dear?
How shall we solace thy doom severe?
How shall we sweeten thy adverse lot,
Thou whom the Summer sun gladdens not?
Here are we in this bountiful glade,
All in the verdure of glory arrayed;
Rich in the robe which the Summer renews,
Strong with the nectar of nourishing dews;
Nothing to shade or embitter our bliss,
Nothing to sigh for or sorrow but this—
That the cruel arrow of angry fate
Has singled thee out as a reprobate,

Has struck thy roots from our festive ring,
And smitten thee like an accursed thing;
Till scathed and bare is thy stately stem,
And shrivelled thy emerald diadem!
And the eyes of men with wonder see
Thy shame, and weep for the Blighted Tree,
As thou stand'st betrayed by each leafless bough,
With the brand of Cain on thy downcast brow!

What shall we do that thy curse may depart,
Thou that sore-stricken and desolate art?
Fain would our stems their green tresses resign,
Well pleased if a share of their comfort were thine;
Fain would the best of their blessings forego,
To strengthen thy stalk for its burthen of woe;
To wreath and to crown it with chaplets so gay,
That the weight of its anguish would vanish away,
And thou would'st rejoice like a lord of the bowers,
To mingle thy balm-dropping foliage with ours!
Oh that the streams of the growth-giving rain
Would bring thee thy beautiful verdure again!
Oh, that thy roots were permitted to taste
The earth-treasured rills that are running to waste;
That the bland south wind, with its Araby breath,
Might charm into sunshine the shadows of death!
Surely the showers of the day-beams fall
In plenty sufficient for thee and for all;

Yet, lonely and leafless, thou standest there,
Cold in their blaze, as a blossom of care;
Grizzly and weird, like a spectre of gloom,
Or the emblem of blight in our Eden of bloom!
Unblest by the clouds, and disowned by the sun,
Yet not by thy kindred, thou sorrowful one!
Though the Summer forget thee, whose fondling
thou wast,
Till thy life is a season by shades overcast;
Though the timorous Spring cannot guess what
thou art,
Nor see through thy wreck the beloved of her heart,
And passeth away, as if grudging to fling
One winnow of hope on so worthless a thing;
Though the Quick'ner of life give thee nought but
neglect,
Our warm boughs her favours on thine shall reflect;
For our roots at her summons shall cease to rejoice,
And our young leaves to leap at her dulcimer voice!
And the worm of decay shall our drooping hearts
reach,
Ere we cease to lament for the desolate Beech!

Thus, within their green domain,
Rose the foliaged mourners' strain;
Thus they wailed their luckless chief,
In a chaunt so full of grief,

That the playful Zephyrs felt
All their mirthful whispers melt
Into sighs of gravest mood,
By its solemn force subdued,
And in tones of mournful bass,
Murmured low, "Alas! alas!"

And the feathered songsters caught
All its accents sorrow-fraught—
Swinging in the shady grove,
Warbling happy tales of love,
They had heard the deep lament,
And, on sympathy intent,
Strove to raise a doleful tune,
But gave up the effort soon.
How could they of sorrow sing
Since they ne'er had felt its sting?
So their minstrelsy they stayed,
And a silent homage paid—
Save a solitary thrush,
Sitting in an alder-bush,
Brooding o'er his tangled nest,
Of its treasures dispossest.
He—till now a mourner mute—
Woke his melancholy lute,
In a strain so full and strong,
That the tearful forest throng

Felt that this could best express
All the depths of their distress,
As they wailed the vengeful power
Which could thus their lord deflower.

Nor in fruitless sighs alone
Were their kindly feelings shown;
For, with one accord they strove
Who should best their pity prove.
One—a Weeping Willow—brought
Tendril shoots by Flora wrought;
From his trunk the Oak did throw
Shreds of sacred Mistletoe;
And a stately Sycamore
Bunches of rich foliage bore;
Next a gay Laburnum polled
Tresses like the beaten gold;
And the Mountain Ashes shed,
To impearl them, berries red:
Poplar, Pine, and Birch conspire,
Labouring with a strong desire,
Who should best their brother deck,
And his shivering limbs protect;
Even the shrubs with feeling heaved,
And their liveried boughs unleaved;
But the Ivy, plant of speed,
Likest Mercury of the mead,

First of all the forest race,
Caught him in a firm embrace—
You who doubt it come and see,
Still it clasps the ruined Tree!

Sympathetic plants, refrain!
For your friendly strife is vain.
Can these garlands balm impart
When they do not touch the heart?
What avails the pomp of dress,
If the blight of bitterness
Gnaweth at the quivering core,
Keen and sateless as before?
Does the altar's victim care
For its wreaths of roses rare—
Though the flowers are rich in bloom,
Redolent with life's perfume—
When such emblems signify
That the wearer's self must die?
Or, when soul and sense are fled,
Can the drapery round the dead
From the cheek of beauty scare
The dread guests which banquet there?
Vain such veil around it thrown,
When corruption claims its own;
And should this sore troubled Beech,
As his sorrowing friends beseech,

Round him borrowed plumes entwine,
Still unhushed his heart would pine;
For such gauds would but betray
All his weakness and decay,
And while death was disavowed,
Seem at once its sign and shroud.

Thus the Beech Tree felt, and bowed
Backward from his place, the crowd,
And 'twixt shame and struggling pride,
To their dirge-like lay replied.

As a cataract in its course,
Turbulent his tones and hoarse,
Wild as when rude billows rave,
Round the bark which nought can save;
Then anon with pathos blent,
Like the shriek by sad winds sent,
O'er its wreck to fragments rent.
From the horror-breathing glade,
All its songsters shrank afraid,
Deeming that the accents came
From the fowler's tube of flame;
Even the thrush, with frenzy smote,
All his tender throes forgot,
And on wing of wild alarm,
Hied afar from home and harm.

From his cave a gray Owl crept,
Through and through the wood he swept,
Glad was he, that hermit lone,
When the chattering brood were gone,
Much their free and joyous strain,
Gave the feathered cynic pain;
Now the scathed Tree's numbers drear,
Like sweet music filled his ear,
Long he listened breathless, mute—
Then he screamed—"Tu-whoot! tu-whoot!"
Which as on the breeze it sighed,
Fitting symphony supplied.

### THE REPLY.

Weeds of the Woodland! I seek not to share
The leafy honours your weak boughs wear.
What to me is your fond caress,
Or your wail of woe for my sore distress?
Can you blunt the tooth of the baleful blight,
Or shed the sun o'er my cheerless night?
Can your pity or prayer my curse remove,
And the scornful Summer King reprove,
Till he change to smile his frigid gaze,
And swathe me anew in his noon-tide blaze—
Till the days come back, which are long since flown,
When fragrance and beauty were both my own,

And the proudest plant in this spacious glade,
To my peerless height fit homage paid?
Gracefully then did my tresses hang;
In their shadow and praise the glad birds sang;
And there secure from the sportsman's aim,
The amorous ring-doves often came;
And the skylark slept on my topmost tower,
Because it was nearest his heavenly bower.
That palmy prime is for ever past,
And my head has stooped to the spoiler's blast,
And the joys of bloom I can never know:
Yet leave me alone in my hour of woe;
I have lost the love of the false, false Spring,
And the balm of comfort ye cannot bring.

But why should I thus your kindness scorn,
And bitterly brood on my lot forlorn,
On the fate provoked by my own vain pride
Which you seek to soothe, though you well might chide?
Had I humble been, nor madly striven
To rise from the lowly earth to heaven,
Had I served content when I strove to reign,
The bolt of ruin had blazed in vain;
But I sought to forget my woodland birth,
And thee, my nourishing Mother Earth.
I longed to rise from the greenwood crowd,
And pillow my boughs in the sapphire cloud;

To bathe my leaves in its lakes sublime,
Which girdle the fair Elysian clime;
To pierce, unawed, through the concave blue,
And gaze on its glories bright and new,
Then a lordly glance of triumph throw
On the grovelling weeds that wept below:
For this my roots stretched far around,
And drained the dew from the servile ground;
For I said, though the thirsty forest faint,
I will soon be beyond its weak complaint.
Higher and haughtier, thus I strove,
Till the shaft of Heaven my huge crest clove;
To its vengeful stroke I was forced to bow,
And I am desolate—dying now;
A sentence dread has been passed on me—
"Thou shalt no more blossom, thou proud Beech Tree!"
Like the Fig Tree doomed, when it failed to afford
Its fruit for the lips of the Blessed Lord.

Then, Winter, haste from thy halls of snow;
Let thy fiercest blast on my bald form blow,
Till my loosened roots its influence own,
And my lifeless trunk to the sward is thrown;
Then the grass shall cover my heart's decay,
While I mix, unmarked, with my kindred clay;

And the weeping Woodman shall scarce can tell
The spot where his favourite bloomed and fell.
Friends, as you love me, your wailings cease;
But pray that the Winter may bring me release!

NOTE.

"There, where thy farthest boughs extend,
His relics rest, who called me friend."—*Page 8.*

More correctly the reference here is to the Author's elder brother, James, cut off at the age of fourteen years, and on whose death the following lines were written shortly afterwards, by one of his school companions—Thomas Wilson. The lines were published at the time in the *Dumfries Courier*, the then Editor of which, the celebrated Mr. John M'Diarmid, prefaced them by stating that they had been handed to him by the teacher of the deceased youth—Mr. Samuel Oliver—who spoke in the highest terms of the young man to whose memory this juvenile tribute of respect is offered.

Now the hoarse winds sigh o'er thy dreary tomb,
And the worms underneath thy form consume;
But thou feel'st them not, nor the storm dost hear,
For thy feeling is fled, and thou knowest no fear:
Thy sleep is sound, and deep is thy rest
As the turf that covers thy clay-cold breast.

Like a beauteous flower that's nipt in its bloom,
In the morning of life thou was sent to thy tomb;
Sickness came o'er thee—thou bow'st 'neath the rod,
And meekly resigned thy spirit to God;
The white shroud of death around thee was spread,
And, by the side of thy father, thou lowly wast laid.

Some time has elapsed, but thou'rt not forgot,
Though the place that once knew thee now knoweth thee not,
In a fond mother's bosom thy memory's still dear,
And sad recollection oft own'st with a tear,
There thy memory shall live till affection's last breath—
Till the eyes that once watched thee be sealed up in death.

Thy brothers—thy sisters—still mourn that thou fled
From their last sad embrace, 'midst the tears that they shed;
Thy teacher bewails thee—thou'dst been Genius' own son,
Had not Modesty marked thee out for her own;
Thy class-fellows still o'er thy grave shed a tear,
And weep for the loss of a comrade so dear.

Every day, every hour, brings us nearer the tomb—
The hour 's on the wing when we must meet our doom.
Like thee, may we all be prepared for our fate,
Nor put off repentance until 'tis too late.
But, farewell, dear friend!—Oh! happy's thy rest—
Thy dust's here entombed, but thy spirit is blest!

END OF THE FIRST PART.

# The Man of the Woods.

## PART II.

The Man of the Woods renews his reflections—Month of June presents a foretaste of Heaven—Walk by the Nith, and soothing influence of the tide on its turbid waters noticed—Apple Tree on the Old Bridge, Dumfries—Pensive appearance, arising from her isolated situation—Prayer to the passengers to be restored to her garden-home—Suggests to Herbert his family bereavements and consequent solitary condition—Lime Trees on the left bank of the Nith—Forlorn aspect, arising from the unwise treatment given to them, elicits remarks on the evils occasioned by despotism—The plea of tyrants refuted by the prosperous unprotected Elm, and the sickly *protected* Lime Trees—Their petition—Patriarchal form of government eulogized—Benefit of restraining laws to curb undue desires like those of the Beech-buds, who wished to become leaves before their time—Song of these Buds when liberated—Patriotic deeds of ancient heroes—Wallace's Oak—The harmony which prevails in the forest not paralleled in human society—Strange neglect of the poor by the rich and powerful—Contrast of their condition shown in a sylvan dialogue carried on by Trees in St. James's Park—Herbert's family misfortunes recurred to—Feels them deeply—Lament for his daughter—Counsels himself and others against misanthropy in an address to the Weeping Ash.—Ends with an Elegy on the Man of the Woods.

I.

And now, my boy, the wood is warm;
The sunbeams, with resistless charm,
Stream down our trellised roof;

Their lines leap through each bush and brake,
And from their seats the shadows shake,
And then such dulcet sounds awake,
  As if to cast a woof
Across the warp of glowing gold—
Fit mantle for our Mother old,
  Of light and music wrought:
Now, that the blushing Morn has kissed
From off her broad and verdant breast
The tissue-'tire of spangled mist,
  Which Night, nurse-like, had brought,
Let us again abroad, my boy,
And taste the sweets which never cloy—
June is indeed a month of joy,
  The jubilee of the year,
A foretaste of the Elysian clime
Clad with unfading bowers sublime,
Fenced from us by the hedge of time,
  Which Death aside will tear.

II.

We 'll wander by the water's side,
For upward glides the rippling tide,
A sea-sent messenger, to chide
The rampant Nith, which rolls in pride
  And foaming fury down,

As if at war with all around,
It sweeps with wild and angry sound,
Till in the tide's embraces drowned,
  It smooths its needless frown,—
Its brawling tones grown low and less,
Like anger lost in love's caress—
Then let us upwards, onward press,
  Yon ancient bridge to cross.*
For, strange! upon its walls of stone
A Fruit Tree lives, like sister lone,
And tells, methinks, in plaintive tone,
  To all, her bitter loss:
How, severed from her garden friends,
In sighs the live-long day she spends,
Nor feels the sweets the Summer sends,
  And fain would life resign,—
So burthened is it with the doom
Of solitude—so sad her bloom,
Unblest by sisterhood, with whom
  Her boughs might intertwine.
See, there she stands in deep distress,
Fast rooted on the bare buttress;
And thus she pleads with earnest prayer,
Our sympathy and help to share:—

* The Old Bridge of Dumfries was built over the Nith by Devorgilla, daughter of Alan M'Dowall, Lord of Galloway, some time, it is believed,

## THE APPLE TREE'S PETITION.

Oh! take me back to the scented bowers,
The blest retreat of my early hours;
The cultured spot where my kindred dwell,
Whose sweets no singing-bird can tell,
Though the feathered warblers thither throng,
To tell its praise in a tide of song.
How shall they picture the forms of grace,
Or the rainbow hues of the floral race?
How shall they speak of the odours rare,
Which drop from the robes which the roses wear?
Better could they its worth unfold,
Were the tuneful tale less sweetly told;
For amid the joys of that fair domain,
The highest still is their own sweet strain.

I seek no merry minstrel's aid
To chant thy praise, my native glade;

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between 1280 and 1285, but the precise date is not known. It had at first nine arches; now it numbers no more than six. On the projecting buttress of the fifth arch from the right bank, grew the solitary Apple Tree, showing blossom in season due, for many years. The Paradise of its aspirations skirted the river in garden form on the Maxwelltown side.

But I need the nightingale's pensive moan—
Fit lay it is for an exile lone,
Condemned, like me, to this rock so drear,
Far from my friends, so prized and dear,
Far from the fondly-cherished clime
Which nursed and gladdened my seedling prime.

Oh! take me back to that beauteous spot,
Though you give me there the lowliest lot;
Though I call this realm of rock my own,
And know not a rival near my throne,
And showered on me are the wond'ring gaze,
The pilgrim's care, and the poet's praise.

Though I feel at times a thrill of pride,
When the river waves roll fierce and wide,
And furious chafe round my fast retreat,
Then crouch as if at a conqueror's feet—
Homage, not harm, do they bring to me,
For I sit as a queen o'er the prostrate sea.
And though I heave a heartfelt sigh,
As the bellowing waves come hurrying by,
Bearing some sylvan brother away
To the caves of death from the smile of day—*

* See "The Castaway Pine," page 16.

Some forest Pine, from the false bank swept,
Whom his woodland sires in vain have wept.
See how the surge-bound prisoner stoops!
How his pendulous crest in the pale foam droops
In dread despair!—and shall I not save
This luckless friend from the opening grave?
Ye boisterous waves his boughs unchain,
And give him to freedom and earth again!
Release thy prey, thou grasping tide!—
But the greedy waters my call deride;
Like a giant weed he is borne along,
'Mid the triumph shouts of the billowy throng,
To a fearful brink—o'er its verge he falls,*
And his downward struggle my heart appals;
I sorrow to think of his mournful lot,
That my queenly favour could reach him not.

Though thus I mourn the wave-whelmed Pine,
Yet I sometimes wish that such fate were mine;
Better, I think, to be downward borne,
Than live on a desolate rock forlorn;
To veil my head in the dark abyss,
Than raise it in such a world as this,
Than grow in a frowning, flowerless waste,
Where the sweets of friendship I may not taste:

* The artificial weir or caul, a little way southward of the bridge.

When for these I pine, can I prize the state,
Or the empty honours that round me wait?
Then bear me back to the land of bloom,
In its humblest nook let my roots find room.
O'er the perilous gulf that yawns between,
I catch a glimpse of its borders green;
Fragrance and music its breezes bear,
And I should be welcome its bliss to share;
For the missioned Odours around me come,
To lure the heart-scathed exile home;
And these are the words of the warbled strain—
"Banished one! Come to our bowers again."

III.

This Tree is lone, and so am I;
And seraph voices from the sky
Fall on my dreaming ear—they cry,
"Why longer tarry here?
A happy! happy home is ours,
Embosomed in perennial bowers;
Nor blasts assail, nor blight devours,
As in thy cloud-girt sphere:
Come to us husband, father, friend,
So shall thy toils and troubles end;
Why should'st thou from thy wife and child
Thus longer mourn, remote, exiled?

IV.

My aged friend's long-treasured grief,
Found here in gushing tears relief,
But sorrow's tide, though strong, was brief;
And soon, in lighter tone,
He said, to my enquiring glance—
No more of this just now; perchance
We'll turn to it anon:
Not lonely as yon pensive Tree,
I should not thus regretful be,
Blessed with my woodland friends and thee,
Though wife and child are gone.

V.

While thus engaged in mournful talk,
We reached a flower-enamelled walk,
Screened by a lengthened row
Of stripling Lime Trees. Young were they,
Though not in youth's luxuriance gay,
But shorn of all their green array,
And spectacles of woe.
Vain on their stalks the Summer streamed;
Vain on each bough his influence beamed;
To all the leaf-clad tribes they seemed
A mockery and a show:

For, closely round each shrinking frame,
A badge of servitude and shame
Was set, as if to crush or tame
Strong Nature's genial glow.

VI.

Behold, in these arborial wrecks,
What mischief wanton power effects,
Which oft, in way like this, "protects," *
Or shields but to devour!
If its fell ministers would say,
"The people live but to obey,
To form the sabres of our sway—
The pillars of our power,
But lest they strive our prize to share,
Let them our chains and burthens bear,
And starve subdued on scanty fare;
For otherwise the slaves might dare
Our right divine deny.
Let us the sun of Science hide,
Lest Learning's light inflame their pride
To dream that they have aught beside
To do, but drudge—and die:"

* Such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them.—*Sheridan.*

Such candour were a seemly thing,
But might unpleasant peril bring;
And so in soothing strain they sing
The old delusive cry:
For even when Power his brow bedecks
With spoil saved from a nation's wrecks,
He, with paternal care, "protects."

VII.

But well may yon umbrageous Elm
The tyrant's sophistry o'erwhelm,
For all the leaves it bears
Are full of life, since every one,
Thrown freely to the fostering sun,
Its gracious favour shares.
With moisture, warmth, and light supplied,
Through all his limbs health's currents glide;
What wants this free-born Tree beside?
"Protection," it is said.
"I'd round his trunk strong fetters cast,
To hold him here both firm and fast,
In spite of Winter's stormy blast;
I'd raise a grateful shade,
To shield him from the scorching rays
Which shoot from fierce Apollo's gaze,
Lest in the overpowering blaze
His tender foliage fade;

And lest a full supply of food
Should make him overgrown and rude,
To keep him pliant, soft, subdued,
A dew-duct should be made
Around his roots, so clogged are they,
To drain the needless drops away—
When this is done, you'll wondering see
How changed this wild-wood plant would be."

VIII.

From Nature's nurturing guidance freed,
There would be dismal change indeed.
But let us pause to hear
How these protected saplings speak—
Methinks their voice is low and weak,
And void of aught like cheer:—*

* Dumfries numbers among its scenic attractions a fine meadow, watered by the Nith, called the Dock Park, and having a border of Limes on the landward side, which adds much to its beauty. In continuation of a row which dates from 1748, a new one was planted in 1832; but, for several years, the delicate young saplings did not thrive, as wooden palings fastened to them, on the plea of protection, checked their growth. The ill-treatment received by them elicited an indignant remonstrance from the Man of the Woods, together with their own sad wail. Their Petition, as locally published at the time, was not without effect, as, though its prayer was not literally granted, the grievance which gave rise to it was greatly modified. Freed from their fetters, the

## THE LIME TREES' PETITION.

Woodman, come with thy weapon dread,
Lay us down in the dusty bed,
Lay us prone on our Mother's breast,
To moulder there, in untroubled rest;
For a sad and weariful lot is ours,
Though cast in a land of evergreen bowers,
Where the sun shines sweet, and the prattling rain
Kisses the buds till they blush again.

Woodman, haste with thy weapon keen;
Come from the forests so fresh and green,
Come from the thickly-peopled glade,
Where the crowded boughs make blissful shade,
Where the wingéd wanderer shapes her cell,
And broods o'er each foliage-hidden shell;
Where the dappled daisy and "pale primrose,"
In the nooks of each faëry dell repose:
Touch not the Cedar's crest sublime,
Leave him alone in his pride and prime;

---

juvenile Lime Trees grew up gradually into a charming arcade. In the belief that they were too closely packed, a thinning process was resorted to, at the instance of the Town Council, in 1879, which, though it may have benefited individual members of the row, has somewhat injured its effect as a whole.

Nor the lordly Oak, for his boughs are strong;
Nor the lady Ash, with her tresses long;
Let the stately Elm and the rustic Pine
Flourish, unharmed by stroke of thine;
For they sit, as if in a stormless zone,
With the verdure of gladness round them thrown.

But we, to a cruel fate consigned,
Have long the freshness of youth resigned;
We pine and pant for life's early glow,
For its thrill of force is faint and low.
Now, whilst Nature abounds with glee,
Blighted and withering slaves are we;
Bound in the grasp of the galling chain,
Summer has come to us in vain—
The smiling Summer, which ever brings
Beauty and health on his outstretched wings:
And oh, 'tis a strange and terrible doom
To wither and waste in a world of bloom,
To stand with our branches scathed and bare,
When greenness and glory are everywhere,
Branded and bruised like an outcast race,
Like weeds unblest in an Eden of grace.
The clouds have sent from their misty bowers
Their breeze-borne tribute of grateful showers,
The pearly manna but comes to mock,
'Tis nectar poured on a flowerless rock;

It brings no balm to our grief and fears,
But falls from our shrivelled leaves like tears.
The sun has scattered the season's night,
Studded with smiles is his girdle of light;
But all in vain is his radiance cast
On the alien waifs of his empire vast;
The glare of his beams but shows the shade,
The wreck which the ravage of men has made.

They have pinioned us here in durance vile,
And their speech has honied been the while:
They said—"These saplings are lone and frail,
And we must shield them, lest foes assail,
From the rash assault of the vagrant boy,
Who plots their ruin in secret joy,
From the fangs of those destructive cows,
Lest they hither come on their shoots to browse,
Lest some old beggar their stems should break
For ingle-faggots, like Goody Blake,*

* "Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything he more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold or chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill."—*Wordsworth.*

From the rude caress of the froward breeze,
Lest it fondle to death the poor young trees."
And so we were sentinelled round and round
With pointed staves to our soft trunks bound
So hard that they pierce the tender skin,
And grate on the quivering heart within;
So closely clenched with gyves of steel,
That a heart of stone might the torture feel!
They stem the tide which would upwards haste,
The stream which our parched leaves long to taste,
And for lack of which we are barren and dry,
The pity and scorn of the passer-by.

Then, Woodman, come, though our words are weak,
Let our sapless frames with eloquence speak;
With thy arm and axe bring quick release,
And let us at once depart in peace
From this beauteous land of buds and flowers,
And waving corn and blossoming bowers,
But which to us is a wild waste made,
Where our boughs, in the bondage of famine, fade.

IX.

And so the tyrant ruler tries,
By means which craft and strength devise,
To hold his slaves in thrall;

But while we should such deeds detest,
Think not I deem the nation blest
  Who owns no rule at all:
The law which binds the social band,
Brings blessing when a father's hand
  In kindness holds the reins;
Not to oppress the hearts which bleed,
Or break the bending, bruiséd reed,
But when with balm of love instead,
  He comforts and sustains,
Their faults of word and deed corrects,
And them from foes without protects;
  And then the children bear
Their guardian's yoke without complaint—
Nay, prize its wisely-planned restraint,
  And flourish 'neath its care.

X.

And Nature o'er her forest folds
Such wise restraining influence holds,
  For oft the ardent Spring
Would lure the prisoned blossoms forth
Before the bud-devouring North
  Has closed his vulture wing:
Then, if the weakly shoots appear
Precocious, in the early year,

On them descends a judgment drear—
Defenceless in the blast severe,
They perish ere their prime;
Because no genial summer ray
Refines the rugged March to May,
The gentle leaflets pine away,
And die before their time.

XI.

The prisoned Buds upon the Beech *
Might, thoughtless, thus the Spring beseech
To set them fetter-free,
And all her gracious favours share
As early as their sisters fair,
Which Oak, or Elm, or Alder bear,
And every other tree;
But though they thus may plead (in rhyme),
The Beechen Buds must bide their time:—

* As is well known to naturalists, many species of Beech are late in getting into leaf, and retain their foliage longer than other tribes of the forest.

## LAY OF THE PRISONED BUDS.

We have felt, O Spring! thy fervid breath,
And fain would our cerements rend,
To taste the mirth of the teeming earth,
If thou would'st succour send—
If thou would'st come to our prison gates,
And there awhile abide,
For thy smile would be like a fairy key,
To open their portals wide.

When the Ogre King on the whirlwind came,
His time on earth to stay,
And his frown was cast o'er the valleys vast,
Till they owned his hateful sway,
We gladly lay in a slumber deep,
As if each germ were dead;
And the strong boughs safe, from his fretful chafe,
Our embryo rubies hid.

But the Winter King is old and frail,
His sceptre is broken now,
And the Woodbine weaves her lace-like leaves
To bind his conqueror's brow;
And the dutiful Polyanthus shows
Her flowers of gold and blue;

And the Crocus comes with her saffron blooms,
As token of tribute too.

The Wallflower wakes from his dusty dream,
To drink of thy love his fill;
And the Violet with thy dew is wet,
And the delicate Daffodil;
The Marigold from the thawed marsh springs,
And Snowdrops strew the fields—
Pearls of price, which the Lord of the ice
To thee submissive yields.

The Woodland Wasp to our grating comes,
And makes a mighty stir;
And the Dragon-fly flaunts gaily by
On his chariot of gossamer;
The tenants, too, of the shady swamp,
To thee their lays resume,
Though their cheerful croak seems sent to mock
Our doleful prison gloom.

Thy glance gives life to the languid streams;
Thy footprints turn to flowers;
Thy breath is a breeze to the budding trees—
To every tree but ours;
We felt it steal o'er our tissue folds,
And thought it a true love kiss,

And longed to leap from our dungeons deep,
To share in the common bliss.

Then halt, sweet Spring, at our prison gates,
Nor thus our hopes betray;
We pine in the swath of the Storm King's wrath,
Though to-morrow is merry May:
As the mellow thrush thy music makes,
Oh! tarry with us awhile,
Till the fetters fall from the Beech Buds all,
At thy alluring smile.

XII.

When dawns a later Summer day,
With garniture denied by May,
The Beechen boughs grow bright and gay,
In beauteous bloom arrayed;
Hark how the Leaves, from bondage free,
Give forth a song of jubilee!
Yet sorrow mingles with its glee,
For the dead waifs so sad to see,
That crowd the grave-like glade;
A lesson wise these singers give—
Not for ourselves alone to live.

## SONG OF THE LIBERATED LEAVES.

We buried lay in the mournful boughs—
In the swath of Winter wept,
When the buds around, with merry bound,
From their loosened cerements leapt;
While song was loud in the land of air,
And Beauty, allured by Mirth,
Walked through the glade, and her impress laid
On the leaves which then had birth.

There were dance and glee in the sun-wrapt shade,
And the odour of virgin flowers
Might have Winter charmed, and his wrath disarmed,
Had he entered the Eden bowers;
The sky looked soft and balmy down
With a dower of dew for all,
Save the slighted race, who found no grace,
Immured 'neath their icy pall.

But the saucy Spring, which scorned our prayer,
Grew faint in the lap of May,
And the Summer blest our chain-boughs kissed
Till their coldness passed away;
We took our place 'mong the leaves of life—
We wreathed our father's crown,

Till he rose right proud in the matted crowd,
With his weeds of burnished brown.

Oh! merrily then our morning came;
But the Green Leaves looked amazed—
For they long had thought that we lay forgot,
From the book of bloom erased:
They cried—"Alas for the alien Tree,
With his bare, unbeauteous brow!"
They wailed in scorn o'er our buds unborn—
But where are these mockers now?

Where is their pride of triumph gone?
Where are their gauds of green?
Have they lent to-day their verdure gay
To garland the Fairy Queen?
Will the tiny elves at twilight morn,
The borrowed robes restore,
Then lurk 'mong the eaves of the love-sick leaves,
And fondle them as before?

Alas, alas! by the baleful blast,
From their haughty summits shorn,
They lie beneath like the Summer's wreath,
By rude October torn;
Their dress a shroud of the paly gold,
In the loom of the Storm King spun,

Which he brings to hide, 'neath its hue of pride,
The ravage his hand hath done.

All mute they lie, whose mirthful lay
The wild woods vocal made,
Ere yet the ray of the cloudless day
Had wrapt itself in shade;
Before the messengers of doom
Had hushed their carol dumb,
And murmured hoarse to the foliaged force—
"The reaping time has come!"

Our day of bloom abides us yet,
Though theirs has swiftly gone;
But we will not boast o'er the perished host,
Whom their parent boughs bemoan;
And Autumn's smile may soon grow sad—
Be dimmed her diadem—
And the blast or blight our own boughs smite,
Till we lie low like them.

There's the bloom of life in the Beechen boughs,
There's light for the Auburn Leaves;
But the spoiler roams through the forest homes,
And the ravished greenwood grieves:
O light and bloom! full sweet ye are,
But the choicest charm has flown—

We would not stay in the grove alway,
Since our kindred leaves are gone.

XIII.

We homeward turned with footsteps slow,
But still a patriotic glow
Old Herbert's bosom fired;
And all the lengthened walk along,
He spake, in language warm and strong,
Of deeds of cruelty and wrong,
Which prompt redress required;
With woodland imagery blent,
In foliage which the forest lent,
Each thrilling thought attired;
Then, in his own peculiar way,
He passed from present time away
Down to the old heroic day,
When men, by God inspired,
Rose from the base and burthened crowd,
Who 'neath a galling bondage bowed,
And cried, in tones indignant, loud,
"The mind—the mind is free!
Thought spurns Oppression's subtlest chain—
It whispers, 'Rise, your rights regain!'
Nor let its heaven-urged suit be vain,
Nor lost its lightnings be."

How thus the ancient worthies spoke—
And then the sleeping serfs awoke,
And, Samson like, their trammels broke,
  Just as a lordly tree
Casts from his leaves, in wrathful mood,
The fierce and festering locust brood:—
Thus did'st thou with Heaven's force imbued,
  Great Knight of Ellerslie,
Backed by thy death-devoted band,
Fell England's chivalry withstand,
And with thy consecrated brand
  Her plundering hordes o'erwhelm.
My son, in Torwood forest glade
An Oak * (why did it ever fade?)
Once grew whose closely-woven shade
  Saved Him who saved the realm:
To this famed Tree, in early age,
I made a pious pilgrimage,
And thus addressed, in pensive mood,
The mouldering patriarch of the wood:—

* This famous historical Tree grew in Torwood, a forest still of great extent near the town of Falkirk. It has entirely disappeared (though within a few years), and a young sapling marks the spot where it flourished and fell. Some traditions state that the place of the Hero's concealment was in the hollow trunk of the Tree: my old friend, however, has adhered to the more probable and more poetical idea that it was among the branches.

## WALLACE'S OAK.

The verdure of thy early prime
Has vanished with the wings of time;
Unrobed and frail each shaggy bough,
A shapeless crumbling ruin, thou.
The careful eye can scarcely trace
A lingering lineament of grace,
Or remnant of that rich attire
Which made even careless eyes admire.
But dearer in thy sad decay,
Than yon tall Elm in green array,
Whose arms are to the breezes thrown,
As if they breathed for him alone—
More prized than all the grove by me
Thy relics, venerable Tree!
For, did'st thou not, in days of old,
With youthful vigour, strong and bold,
Within thy shady covert hold
  As if in tented tower,
And shelter from the furious foe,
Who sought in dust to trample low
  Fair Scotland's hope and flower?

Fast—sore pursued her champion fled—
No hiding for his sacred head,

Till this thy branches gave;
There, safe, as in a second ark,
He saw, beneath, the deluge dark,
In fruitless tumult rave.
Ah! had thy foliage faithless been,
Less closely knit thy leafy screen,
Our hopes had all been gone,
And purpled Tyranny had smiled
To see his direst foe beguiled,
And, with exulting taunt, reviled
The threat'ner of his throne.
That was a dread and troublous time
Of carnage and unbridled crime,
Of deep despair to all
Who lived to love their fatherland,
And hate the unrelenting hand
Which kept it so in thrall.
Strange that so green thy foliage grew,
Fed often from the crimson dew
Drained from the hearts, so stout and true,
Who for their country died!
That blood of theirs thy roots should wet,
Thy shuddering stem could ne'er forget,
But, with its boughs, a barrier set
To stay the sanguine tide,
By sheltering him whose vengeful voice

Soon made the mourning land rejoice,
And quelled the oppressor's pride.

"Now is this nation's name forgot,
Be slave the synonym of Scot,"
The vain invader cried:
"Her bravest sons are fled or slain,
The remnant at my feet are fain
To bow the knee and kiss the chain.
That all secure may bide,
Her ancient archives hither bear,
Her charters kept with jealous care,
And be the torch applied;
Then rend the patriotic lyre,
And add it to the angry fire;
Its sparks, my messengers of ire,
Shall wander far and wide,
The glory of my deeds to tell—
That freedom cannot longer dwell
On Highland heath or Lowland dell,
For there shall I preside,
Of an abiding sceptre, lord,
Won for me by great England's sword."

A foolish King art thou, and frail;
The flame thou feed'st can nought avail,
Unless thou to its bootless blaze

Shalt add—ask not with searching gaze,
From thee I hold its name:
Pile these dead parchments on the plain,
This record's living leaves contain
The surety that thy task is vain—
That Independence yet again
Shall put thy power to shame.

Oh! had this blinded boaster known,
Grey Oak! that thy green arms were thrown,
Nurse-like, around fair Freedom's son,
It had been dangerous game;
Thou had'st been torn up by the root,
And, like a traitor, stem and shoot
Hurled to the fearful flame,
And, with thee, Wallace wight been lost,
And Edward had redeemed his boast.
But thou wast true and faithful found,
And did'st his devious schemes confound:
And should'st thou not be sung
More than the gaudy groves around?
All honour to the fostering ground
From which thy acorn sprung!
From Pentland surge to Solway Firth
This is the proudest piece of earth,
Which, that the land might all be free,
Did rear our Hero's Hiding Tree.

XIV.

And now within our green retreat
Again, our forest friends we'll greet.
See !—sweetly springing at our feet
A humble plant appears—
The modest, homely Bramble Bush,
Whose boughs with clustering berries blush,
The sight my bosom cheers :
She flourishes unharmed by blight,
Although the Oak, in girth and height,
His stem superior rears :
With savoury food and shelter blest,
She envies not the proudest crest
Among her high compeers ;
Nor do the forest chieftains frown,
As if they would the shrub disown,
And scare her from the grove—
Ah, no ! the sheltered Bramble sips
The plenteous honey-dew, which drips
Down from their shower-saluted lips—
An earnest of their love.
And when the angry tempests lour,
And forth their wind-winged locusts pour,
As if they would each leaf devour,
Their brawny arms above,
This Bramble and her sisters cast,

Protect them from the hungry blast,
Which fain their limbs would tear—
So might alarmed Diana rush,
Like Niobe, their tears to hush,
To fend from foes which long to crush
The children of her care.

XV.

Thus happy live the lowly throng,
Protected by their brethren strong;
And from them all a cordial song
Resounds the thicket through,
The forest hymn with gladness fraught,
Oft by the wandering poet caught,
Whose heart, by Heavenly impulse taught,
To Nature's voice is true.
The green, the grey—the great and small,
The creeping plant and cedar tall,
Join in the gladsome madrigal,
With morning ever new.
Its silver strains arise to cheer
The Hamadryads'* task severe,
And drop upon their ravished ear
As dulcet as the dew.

* Hamadryads—Guardians of particular trees. Dryads—Protectors of the forest generally.

XVI.

And much I would rejoice to tell
That men in peace together dwell,
Like these green children of the dell;
And that the weak and poor,
But rarely unrelieved, complain
Because the rich their efforts strain
To hush their plaints and ease their pain,
To cordialize and cure,
To calm their feverish discontent,
Aware that righteous Heaven has lent
Their wealth and influence to be spent
In deeds of love alone.
Seek we the banks of princely Thames,
The peerless Park of proud St. James'—
The prized resort of lords and dames,
Imperial Fashion's zone:
Sure to this pleasure-haunted walk
No beings throng who comfort lack,
To faint and writhe on famine's rack,
So near the sumptuous throne!
The courtly sun which gilds the place,
Must far the shades of sorrow chase,
Till want and woe scarce leave a trace
Its radiance to disown.
But these gigantic trees that stand

Like warders of this fairy land,
Can best its secret scenes betray,
Then hush—and listen what they say:—

## TREES IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

FIRST TREE.

Let our shaggy friends on the mountain side
In their heath-floored forest halls abide;
For their hermit haunts I do not sigh,
More pleased with a city life am I,
With its noise, and bustle, and rich parade,
With its dazzling shows, which never fade
What could they yield, those wild-wood bowers?
What are their pleasures compared with ours?
We have the sun as well as they,
And the showers to give us our green array;
And the stream of fashion, which daily glides
Through our shady, mazy walks, besides:
With its pageants grand—its pomp and glee—
A city life is the life for me!
But, brother, when all around are glad,
Why alone do you look so sad?
Why are the characters of grief
Graven thus on each luckless leaf?
Why do thy buds with sorrow swell?

SECOND TREE.

I have a harrowing tale to tell,
Of sorrow and crime—of foul disgrace,
And I wish I were far from this dismal place;
For I heard such sighs and saw such sight,
Below my 'wildered boughs last night,
That I cannot with comfort here remain,
Lest the scene with darkness should come again.
I wish I were wafted far away
From this place of riot, so sadly gay,
And rooted again on the mountain bleak,
'Mong my rustic brothers of whom you speak.

FIRST TREE.

Come, friend, scatter these words of gloom,
They fall like a frost on my sprouts of bloom;
Let your leaves, with mine, in the light wind wave,
Nor thus like a church-yard yew tree rave.
Pity it is that so fine a plant,
And so young as thou, should thus descant
On themes no city tree should name:
Banish such frenzied thoughts, for shame!
Or, if thou wilt turn hermit sage,
Go borrow the seemly stoop of age,
Attire thy form in a garment grey,
Then hie thee home—from our mirth away:

There preach thy fill to the forest flock,
Nor thus our glee and grandeur mock;
For fruitless all are thy words of woe
'Mong the joyous group who beside thee grow—
Hush! and thy wrinkled boughs unbend.

SECOND TREE.

If I speak not out, my heart will rend;
But thou, methinks, hast none at all,
Such flippant strains from thy foliage fall.

FIRST TREE.

Pray thee, brother, speak not so coarse,
You frighten me with your accents hoarse:
Your sermon say—it will soothe your heart;
And then, with the words may your woe depart.

SECOND TREE.

Mark then, Tree! In this bustling mart,
Where the proud, and rich, and gay resort
From the palace hall and the gilded court;
Where fashion flaunts her silken wings,
And pleasure like a syren sings;
Where rank reveals his glittering star,
And beauty's eyes beam brighter far;

Where pomp and pride their plumes unfold,
And wealth, though witless, counts his gold:
In this same spot, of all the isle
Most greeted with the Sovereign's smile—
Here, when the garish day was gone,
And nought but twinkling moonbeams shone,
Beneath each hushed and heedless tree—
Thou can'st not guess what I did see?

FIRST TREE.

The watchful Dryads of the wood?

SECOND TREE.

No! but a ragged, squalid brood,
The progeny of gaunt despair
Came, in their parent's livery, there.
I never had seen the race before,
And I longed to see what marks they bore—
Whether they looked like the snake accurst
Which withered the bowers of Eden first.
My veil of verdure I glimmered through,
And gazed till my tears came down in dew,
For the beings who wore despair's dread trace,
Had the limbs and look of the human race—
Were brothers and sisters by blood and birth,
To those favoured creatures of pomp and mirth

Who pass in their power and splendour by,
Nor dream of the desolate ones who lie
In the ragged ruts of their chariot wheels,
When darkness over their anguish steals,
And seeks, if it cannot soothe, to shroud
The seraph brows which despair has ploughed.
Oh then, instead of an English Plane,
I wished I had been a broad Plantain,
For my plumes, like raiment, o'er them cast,
Had covered their limbs from the cold night blast;
I wished I had been a Bread-fruit plant,
With apples enow for their cry of want;
Or that my boughs could have yielded balm,
The rage of their fevered hearts to calm,
Like the trees in Gilead's bowers that grow,
Which have anodynes for the deepest woe:
And my dewy tears rushed like a tide
Because I had nothing to give beside.

FIRST TREE.

Come, good brother; be done, be done!

SECOND TREE.

'Mong the wretched group I noticed one,
Fair, but crushed like a mountain ash,
When it falls to fade with unheeded crash:
Beautiful yet, by those roots she lay,

Though the worm within was making its way;
Her fingers writhed through her coal-black hair,
And her eyes like startled meteors were:
And ever she cried, that luckless one—
"Kind death come to me—I am undone!"

Brother! if on one beam-scorched bough
A drop remains, let it tremble now;
For this pallid victim of fell despair
Was innocent once, and free from care—
Her mother's prop and her father's pride,
The beauty and boast of the country side;
And if ever thy leaves in the gust did rave,
Let them mutter a curse on yon sleek slave
Of folly and fashion, of titled wealth—
When I tell thee—so may my roots have health!—
That he, so merry, by all caressed,
Was the murderer of her peace and rest.

I knew her before, in the woodlands wild,
For she was our forester's only child;
Fair as a poplar plant she grew,
And pure her breast as the meadow dew;
The tones of her voice were so rich and glad
That the woodlark's lay in my leaves seemed sad,
And our buds, in the dismal winter time,
Were hushed asleep by its silver chime.

But the spoiler came, like the frown of fate,
With a lip of love, but a heart of hate,
And wiled her away from her father's hearth,
And we missed and sighed for her song of mirth,
For without it the woods were drear and dumb;
But we waited long—and she did not come.

The forester's child was the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in a wild-wood bower;
But I saw her cast on my roots last night,
Like a weed, sore crushed by a cureless blight.
Wonder not, brother, if then I wept—
That my skin more close to my fibres crept—
When I saw, in despair's unpitied throng,
The beautiful sylph I had lost so long.

And marvel not if I cry, alas!
When the brilliant trains in their chariots pass,
When I know how much they might do to save
Their fellow-men from the greedy grave,
Who all in vain for deliverance cry,
And that here they will come to-night—to die
In their rags—to disease and want a prey,
Where mirth high carnival holds by day.

I wish I were placed on the mountain side,
Far from the revels of pomp and pride,

Far from the wail of despair and pain,
Which follows so hard in fashion's train—
Away from this park of pleasure drear.

FIRST TREE.

I wish you had never at all come here;
For the blaze of wealth, which I prized so dear,
Has vanished now, and its pomp grows pale,
Frightened, I trow, by thy dismal tale.*

XV.

And who was she, that victim fair,
Who, in the train of fell despair,
Thus met a doom so drear?
If o'er her fate the pitying Plane
Wept as he heard her wail of pain,
Then how shall I my tears restrain?—
She was my daughter dear!
No wonder if, in loud lament,
I give a father's sorrow vent:—

* The condition of the poor is a subject which, altogether irrespective of the Poor Law and its collateral questions, must ever excite the attention of thinking men: above all, it should in London, where the condition of the poor is most strikingly appalling. It appears from the report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street Police Office, that there is an average number of fifty human beings, of all ages, who huddle together in the Parks every night, having no other shelter than

## A FATHER'S LAMENT.

Flower which I fondled! where dost thou bloom?
Borne from thy natal bower! lost thy perfume!
Beaten and crushed by the pitiless blast,
To die, on the rocky wilds heedlessly cast.

Branch of the summer grove! where dost thou bud?
Banished away from the beautiful wood,
Reft from thy parent stem, ruthlessly torn
To shrivel and fade in a desert forlorn.

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what is supplied by the trees and hollows of the embankment. . . . This is truly horrible. Poor there must be everywhere. But that, within the precincts of wealth, gaiety, and fashion—nigh the regal grandeur of St. James's—close on the palatial splendour of Bayswater—on the confines of the old and new aristocratic quarters—in a district where the cautious refinement of modern design has abstained from erecting one single tenement for poverty—which seems, as it were, dedicated to the exclusive enjoyments of wealth—that *there*, want, and famine, and disease, and vice should stalk in all their kindred horrors, consuming body by body, soul by soul! It is indeed a monstrous state of things. Enjoyment the most absolute that bodily ease, intellectual excitement, or the more innocent pleasures of sense can supply to man's craving, brought in close contact with the most unmitigated misery! Wealth from its bright saloons, laughing an insolently heedless laugh at the unknown words of want — Pleasure cruelly, but unconsciously, mocking the pain that moans below! All contrary things jostling one another—all contrary, save the vice which tempts, and the vice which is tempted.—*Times*, October, 1843.

Star of my bosom cloud! where dost thou shine?
Swept from thy silver sphere—darkness is thine;
Beaming no more in thy beauty arrayed,
Shade-girt and lustreless, low art thou laid.

Hope of my weary age! where is the smile
Which oft did its shadows with sunshine beguile?
Gone like a meteor gleam, what settles there
On features once fairest?—the ravage of care.

Balm of my bleeding heart! where is thy strain?
Hushed, for the hidden harp cannot again
Bid silence smile with the mirth of its tone,
When its fine chords are crushed, and its pulses
are gone.

XVI.

Thy flower?—I asked: it blooms anew,
Laved in the lakes of heavenly dew;
Thy star?—beyond the empyrean blue
Oblivion's reign defies!
Thy hope?—it was not formed in vain;
The voice which soothed thy bosom's pain?—
Faith hears it swell the heavenly strain,
The chorus of the skies:
Think, father, on this truth, I said,
Then shall thy murmuring plaint be staid.

Oh yes! the old man answer made,
That thought should set me free
From worldly cares and cankering grief,
And bring the burthened mind relief:
Since heaven is long and life is brief,
Why should I sorrowing be?
The hope of heaven a balm supplies,
And rills of comfort round me rise;
I would not Nature's gifts despise,
Like yonder Weeping Tree,
Whose verdant boughs are downward thrown,
As if they ne'er her care had known—
As if they would her smile disown
Which clothes the woods with glee.
Let me a different mind express,
While I this tearful Tree address :—

## THE WEEPING ASH.

Why dost thou downward, drooping grow,
As if thy dower were nought but woe?
Why disconsolate hang thy head,
As if the storm had thy young leaves chid,
And the ominous hand of lean decay
Had beckoned thy lingering boughs away?
Have the winds of night brought words of doom,
The dirge of death to thy wonted bloom?

Do the shrivelled shoots or the blasted bough
Betray the terrible sentence now?
Then would thy posture look less strange,
And well-befitting the threaten'd change;
Thy verdant banners, reversed and furled,
Would show thy sorrow to quit a world
Where the streams of bliss their murmurs make,
And call, but no more to thee—partake.

But no! in the land of living bowers
Thy roots remain, and the kindly showers
To thee their costliest homage give,
And whisper 'mong thy green leaves—live.
And, lest thy foliage faint and die,
Do not the sunbeams strength supply,
And the dews their freshening balm distil?
Yet thou art sorrowful, weeping still.

Had thy lot been cast in yon church-yard lone,
The resting-place of the dead and gone,
Where our dear ones, lost to love, abide,
And the hopes of our bleeding hearts beside;
Where the pensive Willow grows and grieves,
And the Cypress rustles her silken leaves,
To wake a sigh as from lyre of woe,
O'er the crowds of crumbling dead below—
I then could approve thy mournful mood,

And prize thy pitiful attitude,
And think that, on sympathy intent,
Thy sorrowing boughs thou hadst earthward bent;
That, desolate-like, thou might'st seem to weep,
As the mourners over each mouldering heap—
Afraid to spring like a towering tree,
Lest thy lofty look should a mockery be,
Or to give one token of prosperous cheer
In a place where decay makes all things drear.

But no such solemn abode is thine,
And why should'st thou spiritless droop and pine?
Look at thy woodland kindred round,
How they skyward shoot from the fostering ground—
At the delicate flowers beneath thee spread,
How their petals dance on the dewy glade,
How they raise their cheerful heads to heaven,
In homage and praise for blessings given:
Since these small flowers are blythe and gay,
Why art thou heavy with sore dismay?

I fear sometimes, from thy strange attire,
That thou hast been doomed to a penance dire;
I, shuddering, dread lest some deed of shame,
Which the blushing lips would blanch to name,
Has once been done 'mong thy foliage fair,
And given thee over to blank despair.

If ever, throughout the lapse of time,
Thou hast partner been in so foul a crime,
With those who a murderous law fulfil
In spite of the precept—"Thou shalt not kill;"
Thus forlorn might thy foliage fall,
Like the strangled victim's funeral pall;
Thus might the trembling branches try
To shroud thee from the averted eye,
Afraid lest men should start to see
Unveiled—the accursed gallows tree!

But this is a transient, truthless thought;
No cruel deed have thy branches wrought,
A stainless, verdant plant thou art;
Then let thy guilt-like gloom depart,
Uplift thy gaze from the sombre clay,
And the glad and glorious sun survey,
And the far-off founts in the ambient air,
Where the clouds for thee new sweets prepare;
And the bowers of beauty around, before,
Behold, and thou shalt not sorrow more.

Alas, poor Ash! for my words are vain,
Unmoved thy grief-bowed boughs remain;
Though happiness opens a thousand springs,
To the sapless dust thy lorn heart clings,
Scorning the charms of the earth and sky;

And thus uncheered shalt thou live and die,
As if the land were a dewless wild,
Or thou wert from all its sweets exiled.

Like many, thou, of a higher race
Who find in their earthly lot no trace
Of aught but evil, and sorrowing go,
Though choicest blessings their pathway strew;
Who cull not flowers of cheerful hue,
But the dark nightshade and the pensive rue;
Who shun the rose for the rankling thorn;
Then cry, "Alas, that we ever were born!"
Who pass by innocent streams of bliss,
For the Marah waters of bitterness,
Nor fix their faith on a happier sky,
Whilst they scorn the sweets which round them lie.

I sigh for them, and sorrow for thee,
Down-cast, woe-worn, Weeping Tree.*

With themes like these, the reverend sage
Would oft my opening mind engage:

* The Tree thus addressed grows in a nursery at the south end of St. Michael Street, Dumfries, where it was pointed out by my aged friend in one of our morning walks.

But now his strain is hushed and gone,
The woodland lyre has lost its tone;
The hand which woke its magic breath
Is mouldering in the dust of death.
Not strange, if now the Forest grieves,
And sheds for him her choicest leaves;
For well may each deserted tree
His absence mark, and mourn with me.

Thou Weeping Ash! his loss lament,
Let every bough like thine be bent.
Mourn him, thou ever-verdant Pine!
Ye clustering Firs! whose foliage twine
As if in brotherhood of grief,
Ye sought to give and gain relief.
Thou Oak! not now thy branches raise,
Let grief for him thy pride abase.

Thou Mountain Ash! thy berries shed,
For he who nursed thy growth is dead;
How canst thou those rich gauds display,
Nor sign of sympathy betray?
But thy love-locks, Laburnum, keep,
And him in weeds forsaken weep.
Thou Cypress! dark in days of cheer,
The forest nun, so sad and drear,
So hang thy head, and him deplore

That men would count thee gay before;
And, with thy sable sister, thou
Sweet Silver Birch! with ebon bough,
In mournful rivalry contest,
And strive to show who loved him best.

Alas, alas! our grief is vain,
It ne'er can rouse his harp again.

END OF THE MAN OF THE WOODS.

THE

# MARTYR OF ERROMANGA:

## JOHN WILLIAMS, MISSIONARY.

### *INTRODUCTION.*

To the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, more than any other missionary, the honour belongs of having rescued the islands of the Southern Pacific from the bondage of heathenism. For twenty-two years he prosecuted his evangelizing enterprise. During a brief interval Mr. Williams returned to this country, and addressed numerous public meetings on behalf of the cause to which his life was consecrated. At Dumfries, as elsewhere, he gave a graphic account of his work, the difficulties he had encountered, and the success with which he had been favoured. Among those present was the author of the following poem—which would very likely never have been written had he not been deeply impressed with the narrative of the missionary, full, as it was, of intrinsic interest, and told with extraordinary force and fervour. After the lapse of a year or two Mr. Williams was again at his work in the Pacific Archipelago, and it was while endeavouring to plant the Cross on an island, hitherto unvisited by him, that he received the martyr's crown.

In prosecution of his plan for the entire abolition of idolatry from the South Sea Islands he touched at Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides, accompanied by Mr. Harris (a brother missionary), Mr. Cunningham, and some of the ship's crew. Sailing along the coast in a whale-boat, he came up with a canoe carrying three natives; but they, though offered presents, could not be induced to enter the white man's boat. The missionary party proceeded further round the island, followed by some natives on shore, and afterwards landed—Mr. Harris going first, then Mr. Williams, followed by Mr. Cunningham. After they had walked up the beach about a hundred yards they turned to the right, and were then concealed from the sight of Captain Morgan, who had watched

them attentively from the vessel. The captain, supposing that all was as they wished, landed also; but, before he had gone far, he was hailed by the crew to return to the vessel. He was doing so when he turned and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running—the latter towards the boat, and Mr. Williams towards the sea—closely pursued by a native. Morgan got into the boat just in time to save himself; for the savages were close at his heels. By this time Mr. Williams had got to the water; but the beach being stony and steep he fell backward, and a native struck him with a club; another shortly afterwards coming up, assisted in the work of death; and it was learned afterwards that Mr. Harris also had perished. Captain Morgan pushed forward the boat, with the hope of rendering some assistance, but a formidable array of the natives along the shore prevented any interference, and he returned regretfully to the ship, leaving the lifeless body of Mr. Williams in the possession of the savages.

Thus fell this great man, on the 20th November, 1839, after twenty-two years' active prosecution of the missionary cause.

"The following sentiments," says the author of *Modern Missions*, "so well expressed by the biographer of Williams, will find an echo in every Christian heart:—'If a stainless Christian reputation, a public career marked by growing splendour to life's latest hour, singular successes and triumphs amidst thickest dangers and in the noblest of all causes, days lengthened until he had auspiciously commenced his last and greatest scheme of benevolence, and opened the door of faith to Western Polynesia, and a termination to a course so honoured which, while it recorded his name among those of "the noble army of martyrs" and introduced his spirit to their society, invested his history with an interest and his example with a force scarcely derivable from any other cause—if these considerations possess any weight, they concur to reconcile our minds to the martyrdom of Williams.' Though in one respect his death was a great disaster, in another and a higher view it was the triumph of faith, and a stimulus to missionary zeal."—*Modern Missions*, by Robert Young. London: Marshall, Japp, & Co. 1881.

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The Elegy on Williams was published separately soon after the date of his martyrdom, and reissued along with the first edition of the "Man

of the Woods," in an extended form. The present third edition is a *verbatim* copy of the second edition.

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SYLLABUS.

THE Spirit of the martyred Missionary leaves his earthly tenement, and enters Heaven to receive his reward—Retrospective glance at his earthly labours—Continued in a more detailed form—He preaches the tidings of peace on earth and good-will to man; unfolds the scheme of grace, and urges all who hear to renounce their idolatry and worship the true God—The truth of Christianity attested by the success of the preacher—Pictures of a savage returning from battle, and of a heathen Priest, who hear the Gospel and embrace it—Its general reception—Pleasure of the philanthropist in beholding the refining influence of Christianity—Regret that so many of the human family should still remain in heathen darkness, when means for their enlightenment are within the reach of the Christian—Success attending the efforts in Polynesia, an encouragement to persevere—The storm of war is there succeeded by the voice of praise—Interruption of the people's devotions by the announcement of the death of their revered benefactor—Their grief at the event—Concludes by referring them to the Scripture promises for their consolation.

THE spirit of the Martyr left his earthly garb of clay,
And rose at once to win the realms of ever-during day:
One minute—and he bowed his head beneath the ruthless stroke;
Another—and the beams of bliss upon his vision broke—
One minute—and a savage horde around the sufferer press;
Another—and he stood relieved upon the shores of bliss—
One minute—and he keenly felt the weight of mortal pain;
Another—and he heard on high the glory-giving strain

Which floated from the golden harps of heaven's illustrious throng,
And mingled with the melody of that exalted song
Which celebrates the praise of Him before whose face they fall,
And tells that Christ is King of saints, and glorious God of all;
And angels leant above their lyres, in eager haste to see
This servant of the Lord, at last from every peril free;
Joy reigned within the holy halls, ecstatic and sublime—
Joy for another soul released from all the snares of time.

But ere the ransomed spirit took his seat among the just,
He marked below the cruel band surround his sleeping dust,
And half bewailed the deadly wound which oped the gates of heaven,
Because his murderers need so much the more to be forgiven;
And fain would seek the earth again, and linger there awhile
To win from woe the darkened tribes of Erromanga's Isle,
Unmindful in his zeal that God would messengers prepare
In His good time, among their souls the bread of life to share;
This seraphs whisper in his ear—then claim him for their guest,
And bid the toil-worn labourer cheer, and enter on his rest.

He was no stranger who appeared within the courts above,
Their sinless people long had watched his pilgrimage of love;
And many who had left below the land of guilt and gloom,
Led by the beams of Bethlehem's star to these abodes of bloom,
Had told how eloquence of his had fixed their wandering eyes
Upon its light, and lured them on in safety to the skies;
God in His grace through him had wrought their spirits to redeem,
Like jewels are they to the crown of glory given to him:
And now around their friend revered, in ecstacy they crowd,
And hail him heir of heavenly rest, with greetings warm and loud;
Then bear him to an honoured place beside the sapphire throne,
From which the Presence of the Lord in lustrous beauty shone;
There—while the cloudless years revolve, fresh draughts of bliss to gain,
And speak the rapture which he feels in music's loftiest strain.

While yet a wanderer here, he seemed a citizen of heaven,
Such tokens of his Master's love were to his labours given.
Anointed of the Lord, he went in apostolic might,
To scatter through the stubborn shades the rays of gospel light;

Unfettered by the smile of man, and fearless of his frown,
Dust in the balance both, compared with his Redeemer's crown;
To aid its lustre was his aim—his object ever dear,
Nor hell had might to mar his course, or check his bright career.

In peril much amid the woods, and by the desert wild,
Far from his home, far from the haunts of Christian men exiled,
In hunger oft, in weariness, tossed on the stormy wave;
All this he heeded not, so long as there were souls to save.
Sustained, serene, 'mong scenes which might a hero's heart appal,
Because his confidence was placed on one—the Lord of all,
Who never sends His servants forth His needful work to do,
Without supplies of grace to guide them all the journey through:
Thus striving sore, with patience long, he laboured not in vain,
The light he bore abashed the shades of error's dark domain;
The lamp of truth within his hand, its lesson on his lips,
Where'er he went, before him waned the heathen land's eclipse;
Like twinkling star at first it seemed, 'tis now a tropic sun
To bathe within its warm embrace the islands, one by one,
Still strengthening in its cycle vast, and brightening every day
Until the latest cloud retires before its conquering ray.

To break the fetters of the slave, to bid the bound go free,
To rescue from oppression's grasp the islands of the sea,
The isles which strewed the southern wave, forgotten and forlorn,
His humble bark her mission takes, by breeze and breaker borne;
No splendour decorates the deck, or pomp of war the sides,
Nor gouts of crimson streak the blue abyss through which she glides;
No costly merchandise is hers, nor gems of glittering dye,
The prowling pirate shuns her track, or sweeps unheeding by:
Let sordid minds in gold delight, and scorn the pearl she brings,
'Tis precious to the time-tired heart above all earthly things.

Wide o'er unchartered seas, behold that venturous vessel steer,
High Heaven's ambassador she bears, Salvation's pioneer;
From shore to shore the snowy sail a signal flag of peace
Brings to the long-benighted tribes the token of release;
He treads where never Christian's foot before his own has trod,
To speak in strange and savage ears the gracious love of God;
The wondering natives round him throng his accents new to hear,
And lean upon the Preacher's lips with mingled faith and fear;

But as his burning, winning words the scheme of grace
reveal,
Their flinty breasts subdued and soothed, its dewy influence
feel;
And eyes are wet with sorrow's tears, that never wept till
now,
And bowed is many a lofty look and many a haughty brow.

He tells them of that Spirit great who sits enthroned in light,
Who made the world, and still upholds all people by His
might,
And who, though dwelling far remote the suns and stars
above,
Surveys His varied creatures here with more than parent's
love;
How they and all the countless tribes which tenant every
isle
Were known to him, and held in life through His sustaining
smile,
That men in gratitude for this should own His rightful sway,
And strive to learn His utmost will—to learn and to obey;
But that in darkness thick they groped, by evil influence
swayed,
And far away from God, and truth, and innocence had
strayed,
And recompensed His fostering care with cold ingratitude,
And 'gainst his law of love had long in fierce rebellion stood,

That thus had they, and all the race, deserved the threatened doom
Of banishment from heavenly bliss to realms of utter gloom;
But in the night of need from high a great Deliverer came,
The Son of God, who bore for all the penalty and shame:
Love such as this was never known, the Sinless died for sin,
That those who in His work believe might life eternal win;
"And now to you, long lost in sin, is this Salvation sent,
Now from your idol gods depart, and for your sins repent,
No longer by your evil hearts or Satan's snares beguiled,
We pray you in the name of Christ, to God be reconciled."

Go ye who doubt the power of truth o'er error to prevail,
Or deem the triumphs of the Cross a vain delusive tale;
See how these simple words avail to break the stony heart,
And bid with talismanic sway its apathy depart:
Attracted by his voice, behold yon wild barbarian stand,
War's waving plume upon his head, its spear within his hand:
All reeking from the fight he seems, but 'mid his fierce career,
The still small gospel sound assails his unaccustomed ear:
But lately on the field of strife, arose his battle-yell,
The wounded foe is bleeding still, who 'neath his weapon fell;
But never shall he boast again, beside the council fire,
How fell or fled the hostile tribes before his vengeful ire—

His latest fight is o'er—he casts his useless spear away,
And feels his fierceness all relent beneath the melting sway
Of love divine, which kindles love, and kindliness, and peace,
And bids the thirst of dark revenge, the throb of passion, cease.

And next in priestly vestments clad a neophyte appears,
Changed in his heart, though still the badge of heathendom he wears;
The idol of his former faith within his arms is borne,
Forth from the Marae's mystic court in calm derision torn,
No more is Tangaroa deemed a god of strength and grace,
For now the convert casts him down, like Dagon, on his face;
Then to the fragile image brings the fast-consuming flame,
And to the Preacher pleads how much he feels of grief and shame,
That e'er he did in idols dumb his confidence declare,
Since none but God, the living God, can hear and answer prayer.

Thus mercy's gladdening message speeds exultingly along,
And to the murmur of its streams the thirsty people throng;
Ah! why were they condemned so long in deserts to abide?
For them, till now, no stream of health or happiness did glide.

Ah! why should they have lain so long, in dreary slumber bound?
Who hear and heed so anxiously the Gospel's joyful sound;
The Preacher speaks the word—the tribes arise to life anew
From Aitutaki's utmost verge to lone Tongatatoo;
The slumbers of a thousand years are cast at once away,
And mighty nations to the Church are born as in a day;
The chains of superstition melt at his indignant voice,
And thousands freed, as in the year of jubilee, rejoice;
Till Satan from his holds of strength in sad dismay is driven,
Hell to the centre shakes amazed, and joy abounds in Heaven.

The light of new-born day is sweet when nightly shades retire;
And sweet, the stormy strife subdued, is Nature's woodland choir:
And sweet, when sombre Winter flies with all his weeping showers,
Is virgin Spring with wreaths bedecked of odour-yielding flowers;
But sweeter far to him who seeks the culture of his kind,
To mark the moral waste subdued—the Zaras of the mind:
To see the sands with verdure smile which never smiled before,
Whose womb no plant of favour nursed, or flower of beauty bore;

By gracious showers bedewed at length, another sight disclose,
Till all the desert plains rejoice and blossom like the rose.

Alas, that sterile spots remain in error's cheerless night,
As if the soil-renewing Sun had lost his smile of light;
That myriads of the race should pine in hope-expelling gloom,
Their minds a wilderness of weeds where no sweet graces bloom;
As if God's blessed word were weak, and had no trophies won;
As if no Spirit reigned on high, a soul-subduing Sun;
As if the seed that scattered was on Polynesia's soil
Had not with fruits perennial paid the sower's night of toil.
Come, faint and feeble Christian here, this fruitful field survey,
And let the scene new strength impart and cheer thee on thy way;
Let all thy fearful thoughts be gone, and all thy doubts be dumb,
And work like one who prays in faith, "Lord, let thy kingdom come."
Since now the far-off isles, which long had desolated been,
Are tranquil as the ocean tide which girds their borders green;
For on the track of heavenly Truth the peaceful arts attend,
And to her anxious proselytes their softening virtues lend;

This opes the way, and points their faith to an exalted sphere,
And these assist them to discharge their social duties here;
And thus, where rapine reigned before, sweet harmony prevails,
No more the stormy shout of war the fretted ear assails;
No human victims bleeding lie at cruel Oro's shrine,
And, 'mid the torture of the fire, with shrieks their lives resign:
But oft instead, by dewy dawn or vesper twilight dim,
From congregated crowds ascends the heart's untutored hymn:
Even now, within their central isle, a reverential throng
Are met to bend the knee, and sing the hallelujah song;
As if from love's own altar comes the glowing sacrifice,
That tribute which the God of grace did never yet despise:
So rich, so rapturous is the strain these simple people raise,
That listening seraphs hush their lyres to catch the note of praise.

But hark! another sound succeeds—a wild, unwonted sound,
Sad as when sorrow first on earth a voice of utterance found;
Dread must the tidings be which wake that universal wail,
Which drown amid its depths of woe devotion's tuneful tale,
Which hush the heaven-ward hymn of praise, so full of hope and bliss,
And bid the prostrate people raise a hopeless chaunt like this;

Why are their spirits thus abased? what means their mournful cry?
Dread Erromanga, isle of gloom, alone can give reply:
Oh, that it had in deepest clouds the scene of blood concealed,
And never to the shuddering Sun the fearful truth revealed!

With tireless zeal the Preacher strove—his undivided aim
Each isle within that ocean vast from darkness to reclaim.
The tribes who roam yon rugged coast are aliens still, he said,
Then let us, in our Master's name, the outcast isle invade:
His foot is on the rock—his voice—Thou ruthless savage stay!
Until thou hear its words of peace, thy murderous deed delay!
Glad tidings of great joy he brings to thee and all thy race,
And longs with all a brother's love thy people to embrace.
If thou wilt not, for pity's sake, the helpless stranger spare,
Oh! by thy own eternal weal, thy hopes of bliss, forbear!
Touch not his precious life, as thou would'st live beyond the grave;
Doom not to die the friend who seeks from death thy soul to save.
In vain! in vain! to stay the stroke does trembling Mercy call—
Her words unheard, she wildly weeps to see her WILLIAMS fall;

But more because the ruddy tide, which flows with fatal stain,
Has given the unredeemed isle to Satan's grasp again.

Thus, at his post, like soldier true, the dauntless hero fell;
Death found him faithful to the trust in life he loved so well;
It was an hour of gain to him, his hour of heavenly birth;
It was an hour with anguish fraught to half the peopled earth.

Yet mourn not, children of the isles, with such unmeasured grief,
As if there was no balm to yield your bleeding hearts relief;
That precious Bible, which his hands to you in kindness brought,
Contains upon its hallowed page grief's sovereign antidote;
It tells that death-divided friends, in faith who fall asleep,
Shall wake in heaven, no more to part, no farewell tears to weep.
This joyful hope is yours, then with the pious patriarch say,
"Blessed be the Lord, both when he gives and when he takes away;
And though our brother far away from our embrace has passed,
Be Thy sustaining presence near and shield us to the last."

AN

# INGLESIDE ENTERTAINMENT.

TIME—*A winter evening.* SCENE—*A Room in the Author's house, well filled with guests of both sexes, to whom, after tea, he discourses in the following terms:—*

DEAR FRIENDS—You have favoured me this evening by meeting here, for the purpose of listening to some of my poetical effusions, as connected together with occasional links of prose narrative, illustrative or explanatory. Several of the Pieces were produced more than forty years ago, but most of them are of a less ancient date, and a few were written in the winter of last year (1881). They, as you will soon be able to see, are of a diversified character. Whatever other defects this Entertainment may manifest it will, I hope, be free from the charge of monotony. Most of the pieces owe their origin to real occurrences, or to the impressions made upon my mind by public events; and, in these cases, the explanations which accompany them could scarcely have been dispensed with. I have thrown the poems into groups, so far as this process was practicable; and trust that the arrangement is of such a nature as will secure an acceptable transition—not exactly, perhaps, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," but from topics that present a contrast to each other, and that I will thus secure the variety that is indispensable to the success of all such efforts as the one I am about to undertake.

One May-day, long, long ago, while musing among the tombs of St. Michael's Church-yard, Dumfries, my attention was directed to a bird's nest placed below the table of one of the altar-stones, near the south end of the sacred fane. Not only was the little tenement of twigs, moss, and down affixed to the grave-stone, but it held some half-dozen tiny eggs, and was thus the nursery, as well as the house, of its

feathered builders. This was a fitting theme for the poetic muse, and worthy of much greater powers than mine. How I treated it is shown in the following piece, entitled

## LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

"Away! away! thou fluttering thing,
This is no rest for thee;
Mount and away on thy skyward wing
To the groves of melody.
There the swain with thy gladsome carol greet,
And lighten his toil with its music sweet.

"But do not stay where the woe-worn weep
O'er the wrecks of their bosom's pride;
O'er the lovely in life who silent sleep
As they flourished side by side;
Where Death sits shrined on his thousand thrones,
And preys on the dust of our precious ones."

"I may not away—though the cypress gloom,
Ill suits my merry song,
And I miss the primrose's sweet perfume,
My native bowers among;
For here there's a charm 'bove the wild-wood's spell,
Mightier than music's tongue can tell.

"And I would not change this solemn spot
For the sweetest woodland brake,

And the sunniest grove would tempt me not,
Nor bush by the brightest lake;
For here, even here, is my young ones' home,
And I may not far from their dwelling roam.

"And I have chosen this sacred ground
For the seat of my young ones' nest,
That the spirit of grief might hallow it round,
Lest the spoiler's hand infest—
For who would visit my home in hate,
While he weeps for his own hearth desolate?

"And here I bide till my youngling brood
Shall burst their prison shell,
Then up and away to the gay greenwood,
To the land of graves farewell;
And our lay shall be sweet in the summer grove,
And there shall my pretty ones share my love."

"Thou art right, sweet singer! I will not stay
Or mar thy mirthful strain,
For it mingles well with the chaunted lay
From grey St. Michael's fane;
And He who heedeth the sparrow's fall
Gives ear to thy joyous madrigal."

Oh! who shall measure with aught below
The strength of a parent's love;

'Mid the darkest gloom it doth brightest glow,
And scatter its rays above!
May thine, fond bird! gain its meet reward,
And thy song be the meed of the humble bard.

---

Our next piece has also a bird for its subject, and though the scene is not a place of gloom like a burial ground, but a comfortable human abode, it is dolefully saddened by the fate of the said bird—a beautiful pet canary. The warbler of St. Michael's was gay and happy in a land of graves; the little piper of the parlour—unaccountably overlooked for a few days—pined away, perished in the midst of plenty; and thus I wailed the fate of

## THE FORGOTTEN FAVOURITE.

Sad was thy fate, no friendly arm
Was stretched to stay thy mournful doom;
No kindly voice with soothing charm,
Dispelled thy boding spirit's gloom.

Neglected in thy wired recess,
Loud rose for help thy piteous cry;
But, ah! no genius skilled to bless,
Bent o'er thy wants a pitying eye.

Night came and cast his drowsy spell,
To lull the vocal grove to rest;
Each warbler sung the day's farewell,
Then silent sought its young ones' nest.

Thine eyes alone did scorn his sway,
For hunger in thy breast was keen;
And darkness heard thy plaintive lay,
Arise the watchman's voice between.

And morning's sleep-dispelling shower
Sank softly o'er the earth's repose;
Creation strengthened, owned its power,
And starting from her trance arose:

In vain to greet the glorious beam
Thou urged to praise thy parched throat;
Unmindful of the wonted theme,
Thy cry was "Food"—'twas answered not.

The pitying muse forbears to trace
The pangs of each returning day;
How hunger urged the impetuous chase,
Till death advanced to claim the prey;

Thy sufferings in the last dread hour;
Thy drooping head, thy burning cry;
How famine did thy plumes deflower;
How sank thy lustre-beaming eye.

Ye tender ones, whose hearts have thrilled
In transport to the tuneful choir—
Whose breasts with joy ecstatic filled
Responsive throb to Nature's lyre—

Oh! weep for one, ill-starred, forlorn,
Whom Famine's withered hand did wring:
For that same hand hath rudely torn
From Nature's harp the sweetest string.

---

Though the beauties of nature are ever fresh and fascinating to sensitive and thoughtful observers, they exercise a mystic charm on youthful minds that is apt to get weakened with the lapse of years; this disappointing experience is illustrated by the next poem, which was suggested by the exclamation of M——, an old friend of mine (still, I am glad to say, to the fore), who, when picking up shells at the sea-side haunt of his early days, remarked, half in jest, half in earnest—"That they had lost all the silver they had lang syne;" but was assured by a "native" that "he had never kenn'd them better or bonnier."

## THE SHELL-GATHERER.

"We receive but what we give;
And in our life alone doth nature live."
—*Coleridge.*

Where are the shells my childhood sought,
With eager haste—nor sought in vain—
With pearl and silver sheen inwrought?
For these are plain.

This is the beach, and that the bay;
There rolls the pure and placid tide;
Unchanged it is;—but where are they,
My childhood's pride?

There lay the curious glittering throng;
Each crystal form its crevice kept,
Like beauteous birds, when tired of song,
The bright things slept.

Where are they now? Gone with the glow
Which gladdened boyhood's early hours;
All scared and scattered long ago,
These ocean flowers!

Far drifted from the rocky bed,
Like exiles o'er the distant sea,
Or in its dungeon caverns hid
From light, and me.

And now a most degenerate race,
Who claim no kindred but the name,
Usurp their ancient dwelling-place,
And feel no shame.

I will not call them vulgar—mean,
For Nature's humblest works I prize:
I mourn the shells of glistering sheen,
Not these despise.

Oh, for the shells my childhood sought,
With eager haste—nor sought in vain—
Of graceful form—with beauty fraught—
Of silver stain!

And thus in melting mood I sighed,
And scarce could stay the trembling tear,
Till George, who guessed the truth, replied,
"The shells are here!

You mourn them fled, or changed; but no!
For *these* your wond'ring boyhood ranged;
Or plain, or pearled, they aye were so—
'Tis *thou* art changed."

---

From shells upon the shore to our next subject, a boat upon the sea, is an easy gradation, though the condition of the little craft launched maliciously on the bosom of the deep, with nothing but a party of helpless children on board, is fitted to excite feelings of anxiety that would be foreign to the preceding piece. The poem I am about to read is based upon real events as narrated by the *Western Times* newspaper in the following eloquent terms:—"Budleigh Salterton has been the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six infant children on Wednesday morning got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. Daylight returned, and still there was no tidings of the helpless children: the day wore away, and still nothing was heard about them—they were either lost in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth trawler fishing next morning early, saw something floating at a distance; he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and the six children, all cuddled in like a nest of birds, fast asleep—God having mercifully given them the blessed solace after a day of terror and despair. The trawler took them aboard, feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing hearts with a promise to take them home. The trawler came in, and the word went round, 'They're all safe!' and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked

with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was, indeed, a memorable day, and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in His infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that dreadful night. Five of these children are under five years of age, the sixth is but nine years old."

## THE CASTAWAY CHILDREN.

Upon thy billows, azure tide,
Float many fleets with treasures rare—
Rich argosies, the merchant's pride,
Committed to thy friendly care;
But on thy bosom thou dost bear
A richer treasure far than these;
More rich, those matrons' cries declare,
Than ever bore the tropic seas.

The boat is drifted fast away!—
Six cherub children all the crew,
And on throughout that fearful day
It bears them o'er the billows blue,
Till land is lessening from the view,
And cheerful day is nearly gone,
And night falls down with darkest hue,
Like curtain o'er that vessel lone.

And when the sweet sunlight withdrew,
Who their hearts' agony can tell?

No voice save scream of wild sea-mew,
As if to sound their passing knell,
Upon the ear of childhood fell;
Or when, with rude resistless force,
The billows broke with stormy swell,
And raised their lullaby so hoarse.

Oh! how unlike the tender strain
Which woo'd and won their nightly sleep—
The voice which soothed their every pain—
Which whispered, and they ceased to weep!
The mother on the shelving steep
Her voice has raised, now shrill with fear;
But, stifled by the envious deep,
Its tones her children cannot hear.

"Bring back my pretty babe again,
My sweet one!" cried a frantic mother,
"Return me mine, thou pirate main!"
With sobs convulsive, shrieked another.
"Oh! I have lost my little brother!"
A pale, distracted maiden screamed,
While choking sighs her voice did smother
And tears adown her visage streamed.

So wailed the mourners on the beach,
Whilst the lone wanderers on the wave

With piteous cries their friends beseech
To come across the gloom, and save
Their young lives from a yawning grave—
Which stretched in awful vastness round,
And seemed exultingly to rave,
As if it had sure victims found.

No faint star glimmered on the scene,
The infant mariners to guide;
And had not God their pilot been,
E'er morning dawned they must have died:
But He who quells the ocean's pride
Watched o'er them through the darkness deep,
Until their fears were cast aside
In balmy, comfort-bringing sleep.

Ye winds your stormy carol chaunt!
Ye billows raise your battle song!
Let watery foe and famine gaunt
Exult the vessel's course along,
Since *One* is there whose arm is strong
To save *His* infant charge from harm;
To disappoint the deadly throng,
And all their threat'ning rage disarm.

And when the bright sun sought to view
His image in the billows green,

He found the mirror all untrue
Where those sweet sleepers veiled its sheen;
He smiled upon the wondrous scene,
As in their cradle-boat they slept
In loving guise, with placid mien,
Nor dreamt they that their mothers wept.

Alas! no sleep its opiate shed
Upon their mourning mothers' eyes:
All night the cold beach was their bed,
And morning failed to hush their cries;
Till, looking forth with fond surprise,
They marked two boats approach the shore:
One bears to each her bosom's prize—
They clasp their beauteous babes once more!

"My beautiful—my long-lost boy!
Come to thy mother's arms again!
Thou art my only hope and joy—
Without thee life were void and vain:
High Heaven that didst the waves restrain,
And dost my beautiful restore
From depths of the devouring main,
I shall for aye thy grace adore!"

So spake each happy mother's heart,
As homeward with their sons they hied;

Healed was their sorrowing bosoms' smart,
And ever by the way they cried—
"Heaven has preserved our hope and pride;
We mourned them in the deep sea drowned;
The dead are here for whom we sighed—
Our lost, our lovely ones are found!"

---

The joy of these mothers on receiving their offspring, snatched alive and well from the jaws of the ravening deep, contrasts strongly with the sorrow of the Rachels, some of whom are weeping daily and hourly for their children because they are not. But parents thus bereaved may draw comfort and consolation from the reflection that their little ones are "not lost, but gone before." Blessed is the father or mother who, under such circumstances, can, in full faith, cherish the sentiment which I am about to express.

## CONFIDENCE IN THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

Thou hast fled, little one, to a far-off land,
Unseen by mortal eye;
To its borders brought by an angel hand,
To take thy place 'mong the saintly band
Who around the throne of sapphire stand,
And glad hosannas cry.
Dread fear and sceptic doubt say "No!"
And point to the pale, cold clay below.

They need not point to the darksome tomb,
His earthly lot to tell;

'Tis a spot to me of dread and doom;
'Tis a ravening gulf of fearful gloom;
It has stolen my flower of beauty and bloom—
The child I loved so well!
And yet I say, with a voice of cheer,
The son of my bosom sleeps not here.

For the spirit "that smiled in his sweet blue eye"
Can never oblivion see:
He has laid his clay-wrought raiment by
For richer robes of a snow-white dye,
And sought a home in a griefless sky,
From dust and darkness free:
This is the lot of my lovely child,
The bud of my being, so undefiled.

Then speak no more of the grave's decay,
As if my hopes were vain;
And tell me not of the mouldering clay—
I have wept above it in sore dismay,
And been tempted in my bitterness to say,
Would God! he might still remain
A little more in this low, dim earth!
For my heart leapt so at his voice of mirth.

To think that the secret subtle chain,
Which held him captive here

And to my heart, was rent in twain,
Never on earth to be linked again!
Could I, a parent, unmoved remain?
Yet still I say, with cheer—
The earth to earth, and the dust to dust;
This is my confidence and trust,
That the spirit I claimed in my fair-haired boy,
Now lives in the realms of endless joy.

---

To faith in the immortality of the departed soul the Christian adds a fixed belief that the earthly tabernacle left behind and buried out of sight, will be fitted up anew as "a spiritual body," and become a fitting temple for the reception of its sentient second-self at the Resurrection Day. In the next poem we find this belief helping to lighten the gloom experienced by a young lady when lamenting the death of her sister and companion.

## HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

Cull no fair flowers for me, though Summer gay
Unfolds his verdant treasures to the eye,
All glowing with the smiles of mirthful May,
Nor dreading that they e'er shall droop or die.

Let the red rose upon the enamelled sward
Still undismayed in conscious glory bloom;
May no rude touch its opening growth retard,
Or reckless, rob the gales of its perfume.

Still let the lily pale unscathed remain,
The type of maiden purity and grace,
Till gentle Nature comes to reap the plain,
And give to mild decay the floral race.

But pluck no flowers for me, to pine forlorn,
Untimely severed from the shattered stem;
For thus my fondling from my arms was torn,
And I would see her die anew in them.

I had a fair sweet sister, to my breast
Bound close and true by love-cemented ties;
I never dreamed that robber might molest,
Or touch with hand of hate my bosom's prize,

Till the fell fever like a tempest came:
It found our happy home—it left a wreck;
She pined and perished 'neath its withering flame,
For love itself was powerless to protect.

In vain our tears when such a foe assailed;
In vain the embrace which would not let her free;
Our feeblest, fondest efforts nought availed;
And now the once fair world seems dark to me.

But late she bloomed, as blooms yon lily fair,
Of buoyant life and purity possest;
Now, let this lowly mound the change declare
And our deserted hearth reveal the rest.

Of faded hopes, of vanished dreams they tell;
Of bosom joys in dark oblivion hid;
Of voices faltering with the last farewell;
Of balmless sorrow for the silent dead.

The silent dead! the voice familiar stilled!
A harp of heaven not sweeter in its tone,
To pity tuned, in soft persuasion skilled;
But heedless *now* to soothe my spirit's groan!

Then pluck no flowers for me, but rather bring
Of Flora's store the best, and plant them here,
O'er her lone bed their odorous sweets to fling,
And fade or flourish with the varying year;

And these shall tell when fresh from Winter's womb
They rise, revived by Summer's balmy breath,
How this cold clay shall being yet resume,
And spring exulting from the dust of death.

---

"Let me die among my kindred" is the cherished wish, I should say, of almost every heart; but the self-expatriated individual whose fate is mourned in the following stanzas, breathed his last, far away from the home of his youth, and in the presence of none but strangers.

## THE EXILE'S GRAVE.

He sleeps below—no stone above
Tells to the world our weeping love:

No chiselled tomb the dust protects;
No nourished flower the turf bedecks;
No cypress casts its sacred shade,
Or sighs o'er where he's lowly laid:
Nor marble mute, nor solemn sound,
Proclaims this spot is holy ground.

He sleeps below—no kindred dust
The earth around retains in trust—
From friends and father's hearth forlorn,
From kindred and from country torn;
Each bond of brotherhood was rent,
Afar from all his days were spent;
Alone in life—alike in death—
Aloof from all, he lies beneath.

He sleeps below,—Heaven bless the spot!—
His Mother Earth rejects him not,
His years of toil and travail done,
She welcomes back her suffering son;
He yields resigned his shattered frame,
And sinks—nor sighs, without a name,
His pilgrimage of trial past,
Well pleased to reach a home at last.

He sleeps below—the unhallowed air
Ne'er echoed forth the voice of prayer

No chaunt of solemn song arose,
Expressive of his soul's repose;
No heart the joyful hope confest,
That he would rise to heavenly rest:
No matter oft in life men say,
For this, the stranger used to pray.

He sleeps below—oh do not dread
That cold and cheerless is his bed,
Because no fires of friendship burn,
Above the emblematic urn;
Because no rites religious paid
The unshriven dust to dust conveyed;
One tributary tear shall show,
Still loved is he who sleeps below.

---

These musings on death and immortality may perhaps be fittingly wound up by the following sonnet on

## THE END OF ALL THINGS.

REV. I. 7.

The Lord our God doth from His seat descend,
Thick clouds of wrath His tender mercies veil,
Beneath His feet of flame earth's pillars fail,
And at His glance the affrighted mountains rend;
His presence all creation's groans portend:

An angel—mightiest of the seraphim—
Uplifts his hand to heaven, and swears by Him
Who lives and rules the worlds, that time doth end.
Glad hallelujahs sings the ransomed bride,
While mercy bids to guilty tears adieu;
Earth, girt about with one fierce flaming tide,
Glares, comet-like, amid the ethereal blue,
Then sinks—and, shuddering at the mournful sight,
The Sun in sackcloth wails his ruined satellite.

---

My humble pen, during the last fifteen years, has often had Robert Burns for its theme; but I wrote about him, however inadequately, more than forty years ago, and I think the poetical piece that falls next to be read is the first production of mine which the character or the career of the national poet called forth. Early in July, 1796, Burns, in the faint hope of benefitting his health, that had been shattered by an insidious malady, went from Dumfries to the little hamlet of Brow on the Solway. There he had the advantages of fresh air, sea-bathing, and of a chalybeate spring possessed of considerable healing virtue. He improved a little, but only for a transient period, and returned on the 18th, only to die; passing away on the 21st: his sorrowing fellow-countrymen never fully appraising the fine gold of his genius till after the casket was gone. While at Brow many kindly attentions were paid to the poet by the people of the neighbourhood; and it was when visiting the minister of the parish, the Rev. John Craig, that the pathetic incident occurred which gave rise to the poem. I may, perhaps, be allowed to quote from "Burns in Dumfriesshire,"* the account of what took place, as kindly supplied to me by the Rev. James Dodds, of Dunbar, whose wife is the grand-daughter of the Ruthwell minister named above, and daughter of his successor in the parish, the celebrated

* Pages 61-2—Fourth Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, Publishers.

Dr. Henry Duncan. "Mr. Craig being laid aside at the time by ill-health, the honours of the house, afterwards so renowned for its hospitality, were done by Mrs. Craig and her daughter, Miss Agnes Craig. Miss Craig, who had a fine literary taste, was a warm admirer of the poetry of Burns, and had manifested the deepest interest in the poet since he came to reside in the parish. She was much struck with the debilitated frame and melancholy air of the great man, who was too visibly hastening to the grave; and she remembered ever afterwards the look and tone with which he described himself to her mother as 'a poor, plucked pigeon.' In the course of the evening the declining summer sun happened to shine in strongly through the window, and Miss Craig, to save him from supposed annoyance, hastily rose to pull down the blind; but the dying poet prevented her, saying 'Let the sun shine in upon us, dear young lady, he has not now long to shine for me.'" Such was the affecting scene, as depicted by Mrs. Duncan herself to Mr. Dodds.

## BURNS AT BROW.

Soon will life's weary whirl be done,
And I shall reach the peaceful grave;
Soon shall my latest sands be run,
And passion's tempest cease to rave:
The goal of death and darkness won—
This chequered scene no more to see;
Yet let me view again the Sun—
He winna shine sae lang for me.

Unbind the veil that hides his face,
And draw yon envious screen aside,
Then shall his gladsome radiance chase
The mists which o'er my couch preside.

Ere yet the ebon gates are barred
Upon my hours of grief and glee,
Sweet Sun, "my earnest cry" regard;
Ye winna shine sae lang for me.

Break forth as thou wert wont to shine,
When in thy glorious light I trod,
To trace the links of love divine,
From nature up to nature's God.
Meet emblem of that mighty One,
Thy face reveal, and seem to be
A token of His mercy shown—
For nane can need it mair than me.

No more I see thee paint the plain,
Or pierce the leaf-embattled shade,
Or mirrored in the trembling main,
Or glist'ning in each dewy blade.
But thou canst make the "clay-built cot"
Seem blithesome as yon lily lea;
Not all forlorn the poet's lot,
Since thou dost shine aince mair on me.

Thou stay of life and source of light!
How doubly dear thy presence now,
When shadows, as of endless night,
Are gathering o'er my throbbing brow!

Prized wert thou in my songful prime—
And precious must thou ever be;
Though swiftly comes a mirk, mirk time,
When thou shalt shine nae mair for me.

The sunless grave! no straggling ray
Of thine can reach its dread recess;
Nor would the soul-deserted clay
Be conscious of its warm caress.
Yet grieve I not, by care opprest,
To meet the doom I soon maun dree;
Since though it shade thy beams so blest,
'Twill scatter far the clouds frae me.

---

Next to the Mausoleum of Burns in St. Michael's Church-yard, Dumfries, the old tombstones of the Martyrs, three in number, excite the greatest interest of visitors to that populous city of the dead. Down till about ten years ago, two of these venerable memorials lay in a ruined condition, and might soon afterwards have become a total wreck, had they not been thoroughly restored through the intervention of the individual who now addresses you; the wants of the third stone, which was less dilapidated, were duly attended to at the same time. Towering high above these hallowed mementoes stands a stately granite pyramid, raised in 1834 to commemorate generally such of the Nithsdale Covenanters—a long roll of noble worthies—as had suffered death for conscience sake during the Persecution that raged, with brief intervals, from 1662 till the Revolution in 1688. After paying a visit to the modern monument at a period when its frail predecessors seemed, to me, fairly past redemption, I penned the following address to Time on its behalf:—

## THE NITHSDALE MARTYRS.

Wax frail and crumble into dust
Each fretted tomb and storied bust;
Memorials of the perished proud,
Be your infirm foundations bowed;
Let shattered shaft and plumeless crest
Time's desolating march attest;
The gilded scroll and blazing urn
To blank and voiceless stone return;
That truncheon to the earth be thrown,
Its severed sand like ashes strewn;
That diadem to darkness cast,
Its emblematic glory past:—
Let these memorials, one and all,
In unrecorded ruin fall;
Yea, let the poet's lofty shrine
Its laurelled garniture resign,
And sink, with dark oblivion hid;
But spare this rude grey pyramid!
Time! take the rest, without a tear,
But turn aside, nor trample here.

Though well the chisel and the lyre
To consecrate the dead conspire,
And hearts beloved are hushed below,
Who merit all which these bestow;

Yet if thy path must needs be traced
By mouldering shrines and tombs defaced—
If these which Art has called her own
But form a footstool for thy throne,
To tremble 'neath thy tireless tread,
Then mingle with the insulted dead;
If thou canst not thy foot refrain,
Take these proud piles which crowd the plain;
But, as thou wouldst a blessing earn,
Spare, spare the Martyrs' humble cairn!

Memorial of that doughty band
Whose blood so often dyed the land—
Of those who trod a toilsome path,
Thorn-planted by the tyrant's wrath—
Who nobly braved contempt and shame,
Contending for Messiah's claim,
And leagued in brotherhood and love,
For His Crown-rights and Covenant strove:
Witness, ye hills that point to heaven,
How true the testimony given!
Witness, ye streams which calmly glide,
How fearfully their faith was tried!
Witness, thou vale of Nith so fair,
Their hours of weariness and care—
Their days of dread and nights of pain,
When shelter there they sought in vain!

Thy dusky caves their shadows lent;
Thy craggy glens their foliage bent
To clasp within their dim embrace
The remnant of that stricken race:
But cruel men have eagle eyes—
They pierced the folds, and found the prize;
They found them with long watching tired,
But yet with deep devotion fired—
With haggard look, and raiment torn—
With visage marred, and famine-worn:
How wasted now each stalwart frame!
But still their high resolve the same—
To worship, though a host said nay,
As conscience pointed out the way:
Their heart-strings held their birthright fast,
It was life's dearest boon, and last;
In its blest exercise they fell,
Sore smitten in the mountain dell;
'Mid taunt and scorn they died—they died
By desert stream and lone hillside.

And this grey pyramid was piled
To keep their memory undefiled,
That men unborn might understand
The claim of Scotland's martyred band:
Then spare its stones, thou spoiler, Time!
To touch them were presumptuous crime.

The stern old Carle, with scythe and glass,
Just pointed to the drooping grass,
Which winced and withered 'neath his frown:

"So shall its stones be shaken down.
I travel on—beneath my tread
Earth's monumental piles are laid;
Though fools would to their tablets trust
The records of the proud or just,
And bright or brave achievement done,
I triumph o'er them every one:
So must this feeble structure fail,
And buried be its woful tale,
Swept from the register of years
Its narrative of blood and tears:
In vain to harm it not you call;
What reck I, if oblivion's pall
Above these boasted Martyrs fall?"

Then do thy worst; though large thy boast,
Their hallowed names shall ne'er be lost;
Their deeds, their wrestlings, their renown,
Shall pass to latest ages down:
These cannot fall beneath thy sway,
Like this frail chronicle of clay.
Long as heroic worth remains
To thrill the pulse in human veins:

Long as thyself their fame shall last—
Yea, longer; for when Time is past,
The Martyrs' memory shall not die,
'Tis star-traced in yon cloudless sky.

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The annals which tell of modern missionary enterprise record the names of many witnesses for the truth who, after being rescued from idolatry, preferred to suffer death rather than renounce their faith in Christ. I have seen no case of martyrdom among a heathen people more remarkable than that of RASALAMA, the youthful Malagasy lady whose fate is commemorated in the poem that comes next. The island of Madagascar, which is a little larger in size than Great Britain, was first made known to the nations of Europe, towards the end of the thirteenth century, by the adventurous Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. Evangelizing operations were begun in it more than sixty years ago, which made rapid progress under the fostering influence of Radama, its king. On his death, one of his wives, Ranavalona, became queen, and while, during the early part of her reign, she favoured the missionaries, without renouncing her own idolatrous faith, she eventually was led to promulgate an edict banishing them from the island, and to direct a pitiless persecution against the native converts—many of whom, however, continued steadfast, including Rafaravavy, who belonged to a family of rank, and her devoted follower and companion, Rasalama. The former was sold as a common slave; the latter was overheard expressing wonder that any one innocent of crime should be consigned to such a fate, also that a visit to her house of the *tsitialaingia*, or death-denouncing silver lance, could cause her no dismay, but rather rejoicing, in that she would be "counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus." This was enough. "She was ordered for execution the next morning, and on the previous afternoon was put in irons, which being fastened to the feet, hands, knees, and neck, confined the whole body to a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning she sang hymns as she was borne along to the place of execution. On passing the chapel in which she had been baptized, she exclaimed, 'There I heard the words of

the Saviour.' After being borne more than a mile farther, she reached the fatal spot, at the southern extremity of the mountain on which the city stands. Here, permission being granted her to pray, Rasalama calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell with the executioner's spears buried in her body."* So suffered to the death this noble heroine, on the 14th of August, 1837; her guardian angels singing this strain as they hailed her entrance into the abodes of bliss:—

## RASALAMA.

### SONG OF THE GUARDIAN ANGELS AT HER MARTYRDOM.

Welcome, welcome! sister Spirit!
Taunt and torture now are done,
Endless life thou shalt inherit,
Now thy crown of joy is won:
Earth and all its ills are fading,
Lo, they vanish like a scroll!
Come, thou Spirit heavy laden,
Thou hast reached the glorious goal.

Frown of man no more shall fear thee,
Loosed from every cumbering load;
Now sweet streams shall ever cheer thee,
Flowing from the fount of God.

* "Modern Misssions," by Robert Young, page 307.

Cruel men thy clay surrounding,
Glory in their ruthless deed;
But thy life of life is bounding,
From their torturing fetters freed.

Thou hast passed through storm and trouble,
Crushed, yet purified, by pain;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
For thy crosses countless gain:
Thou hast been a tried testator,
With thy blood and parting breath;
To thy Saviour and Creator
Faithful in the fangs of death.

Though thy feeble frame was quivering,
Like the leaves in autumn gale;
Though the links of life were severing,
Yet thy faith did never fail:
When the eager crowd was crying,
"God renounce, and thou shalt live!"
Thou didst bless His name, when dying,
Who true life to thee doth give.

We have watched thee, death despising,
Steadfast in the strength of Him,
And the cup so agonizing
Drink, when bitter, to the brim;

We have seen thy sore temptation
When dark spirits hovered near;
All thy tears and tribulation,
But at length have brought thee here.

Enter through the shining portal,
Tread the pathway paved with gold,
Then, imbued with sense immortal,
Strange beatitudes behold:
See! it is a beauteous building,
To the ransomed nations given,
Where all sweets their essence yielding,
Crowd thy happy home—*'tis Heaven!*

Hark! the crystal roof is rending,
Swells the ceaseless peal of praise;
All the holy hosts are bending—
Basking in the lustrous blaze
Which is ever, ever streaming
From the throne of love divine,
Bliss beyond expression beaming,
It is theirs—and it is thine.

Welcome, welcome! shriven Spirit!
All thy pilgrimage is done,
Endless life thou dost inherit,
Now the glorious goal is won.

Take thy crown with jewels glistening,
Be thou in white raiment drest,
God is speaking, seraphs listening,
"RASALAMA—Be at rest."

For years afterwards the sword of persecution remained unsheathed; the experience of those against whom it was wielded reading like a chapter out of our own book of the Covenanted martyrs. Some escaped by flight, among whom Rafaravavy was one; but hundreds of both sexes were speared or stoned to death; and it was not till after the lapse of more than twenty years that the sun of Christian light and liberty rose again over the unhappy island. The long season of darkness was due to Ranavalona; the joyful dawn to her son, who succeeded her on the throne as Radama II. A church commemorative of Rasalama was erected in 1868, near the spot where she suffered. At the close of that year the professors of Christianity in Madagascar numbered 37,112, of whom 7,066 were communicants; the progress of gospel truth among the Malagasy people serving to illustrate the axiom that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

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In 1846, Pomare, Queen of Tahiti, after promoting a Protestant mission among her subjects, was forced to accept a French protectorate, with a colony of Romish priests in its train. Tantalized by the conflicting aspects of Christianity thus placed before her, and by the anomaly of a terrible war being occasioned by professing followers of the Prince of Peace, she is supposed to have given expression to her feelings in the following strain:—

## TAHITIAN QUEEN'S LAMENT.

The white man came from a far-off land,
In his eagle-winged canoe,
And his voice was soft as the ocean bland,
When it bids the storm adieu—

As music sweet, and it told of peace,
And brotherhood, and love,
For the stranger came in the gracious name
Of the Spirit who reigns above.

He spake, and the whoop of war was hushed,
The spear was laid aside,
Though our race was fierce as the famished wolf,
Which prowls in the prairie wide;
They listened as if for breath or life,
Entranced by the stranger's spell,
Till I thought that the jar of hateful war
Had screamed its own farewell.

Another came, and he seemed the same,
In speech and feature fair,
He breathed the blessed Saviour's name,
And he prayed the Christian's prayer;
He stretched his hands to the holy hill,
And cried to the Spotless One—
"O Father! grant that thy gracious will
May here, as in Heaven, be done."

But the heart that seemed with meekness bent
Was filled with fiercest pride,
And the hands of prayer all gory were,
With blood of brother dyed.

The voice which softly rose at night,
And the Saviour's praises sang,
Was harsh in the morn as the baleful horn
That wakes the battle clang.

His promise peace but his actions war;
Say, Heaven, how should this be?
Alas, alas! that our wretched race
Should live this day to see;
Oh! can the Book itself be sure—
Its promises be true—
Since they who learn its precepts pure
With blood their hands bedew.

If a heathen horde, with fire and sword
Had o'er our island swept,
And the Truth with deadly hate assailed,
I had less sorely wept;
For the blinded people fondly dream
That their idol gods delight
In the lance's gleam, and the hopeless scream
Of the horror-breathing fight.

But the Christian man a fiend of blood!
O Christ! our faith sustain,
And grant Thy grace to our trampled race
When they plead to men in vain.

And let me feel though flesh be false
That Thou art true for aye,
And wilt from deepest darkness bring
The full meridian day;

That Thou wilt not our race forsake,
But their downcast hearts upraise,
And the spoiler's bow of battle break
And his power and pride abase;
That Thou wilt hush the storm of war,
And the slave from chains release,
And bring once more from the land afar
The messenger of peace.

---

Every year, in seasons of peace as well as in those of war, numerous practitioners of the healing art fall victims to their professional zeal. Worthy they are of being recognised as heroic martyrs. During the two awful visitations of cholera from which Dumfries suffered in 1832 and in 1848, four medical men, when trying to save the lives of others, fell, fatally stricken by the arrows of the pestilence; two of them, Dr. William M'Cracken and Dr. John M'Ghie dying during the first visitation; a third, Dr. James M'Lauchlan, during the second. The sentiments expressed in the next poem apply to them all—though they have special reference to Dr. Robert Stephenson Templeton, a native of Maybole, Ayrshire, who died 26th December, 1848.

## HE DIED AT HIS POST.

He came to our city a stranger unknown,
How short was his stay, and how mournful his doom;

To the land of forgetfulness suddenly gone,
Yet the tribute of friendship is shed o'er his tomb.
He passed not away like a meteor that gleams
To 'lumine the darkness a moment, then lost;
For the star of his glory once risen still beams,
Since he battled so nobly and died at his post.

In the pride and the power of his manhood he came,
For firm was his step, and life's current rolled high;
There was hope in his heart, and strong health in his frame,
And the glance of benevolence shone in his eye:
That led him to scenes where the pestilence raged,
And its sore-stricken victims in anguish were tost;
With the merciless foe a stout battle he waged,
And won it for others—then died at his post.

How pale is his cheek, and how wasted his frame!
Has the plague-spirit poisoned life's stream at it's source?
A rescue! this perishing brother reclaim—
Has medicine no virtue, no health-giving force?
Ah no! for the arrows of death have gone deep,
To pluck them away no physician can boast;
His colleagues despairing, stand round him, and weep,
As the sands ebb away and he dies at his post.

He perished from home and from kindred remote;
No soft-fingered mother or sister was nigh

To smoothe his last pillow and cheer his last thought,
And, when life was departing, to catch his last sigh.
Thou art gone, hapless stranger! thy martyred clay
Now moulders to dust, but thy name is not lost;
And it scarce needs a tombstone this tribute to pay—
"Here Templeton slumbers, who died at his post."

---

When the Corn Laws were still unrepealed the poorer classes of this country were often brought face to face with famine. Not only did these Laws make food artificially dear—they crippled trade also, and occasioned general discontent, which found expression at clamorous political gatherings, and sometimes showed itself in tumultuous outbreaks. The working-classes, who suffered most from this dismal state of matters, stood, like aliens in their own land, outside the constitutional pale, and, naturally enough, banded themselves together for the purpose of acquiring their rights and, by means of them, bettering their position. Socially and politically they were little better than serfs; and it was when their night was at the darkest—"an hour before the dawn" which brought the Franchise to many of them and Free Trade to all—that the three poems I am about to read were written. If the language employed seem unduly impassioned to any one, I can only plead that the circumstances, which drew it forth, so unlike those which happily now prevail, were so extremely sad and alarming, that milder words with reference to them would have been utterly inadequate.

## THE FIEND OF FAMINE.

They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger.—*Lamentations* iv. 9.

Sad is his fate on battle field,
Who sinks upon his cloven shield,

While foes surround, nor friend is near
To bid his parting spirit cheer.
No balm bedews his troubled breast—
No lips in love to his are prest—
No mother's voice with melting tone;—
Fierce, fiendish shouts he hears alone,
And as he calls for aid in vain,
Oh! who shall tell his spirit's pain?
All helpless, hopeless, crushed, he lies,
Unwept he groans, unwitnessed dies.

And when the stormy Spirit sweeps
Remorseless o'er the unfathomed deeps—
When, 'neath his dark and deadly frown,
The densely-peopled ship goes down,
Is it not fit to wring a sigh
From heart of stone, to hear the cry
Which wild despair the winds has given,
To tell the tragedy to Heaven?
Lo! where the surge a fragment flings
To one poor wretch, who fondly clings
To its frail refuge—nor in vain
Hope tells his heart, with syren strain,
But falsely tells. He drifts afar,
His night of gloom without a star;
The sky above, in sackcloth bound,
A sullen shoreless sea around:

Still howls the wind, still yawns the wave—
No arm is stretched to shield or save;
With watching spent, he yields at last—
He quits his hold, and all is past.

Sad is the shipwrecked sailor's doom,
And thou wouldst succour, safety give;
Fain with thy presence pierce the gloom,
To bid the struggling swimmer live:
And, moved by soft compassion, thou
Wouldst o'er the wounded warrior bend,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow,
And to his dying wants attend:

But though thy pity travels wide,
And justly claims the whole world kin,
Thy brother sickens at thy side—
Thou hast his safety yet to win;
Dost thou not hear his anguished cry?—
"Help! ere I faint for food and die?

Dread Famine stalks across the land,
His victims fall on every hand;
Through the crowded lanes he hurries fast,
Like the winged sirocco's with'ring blast:
Alas for the lofty city's pride,
If this merciless foe through its precincts glide!

Alas for the dwelling where mirth abounds
If there his ominous footfall sounds!
Then he revels at will without check or chain,
Like a pattern prince in his own domain,
Turning to waste this isle of ours,
Once thickly covered with thornless flowers:
A terrible thing it is, I trow,
To see how he maketh the strong man bow;
How he stilleth the tones of the lisping child,
Which late in the lap of its mother smiled;
How the blythe in heart and the buoyant in limb
Grow weary and faint as they gaze on him.

Sad is the wave-'whelmed sailor's doom;
But better to sink in its grasp of gloom—
Better to fall in the battle fray,
Than pine 'neath *his* wasting glance away.

Strange it is, whilst the glorious Sun
Ever his course of joy doth run,
Blessing the ground with his gracious beam;
Making its fields with produce teem;
Calling forth from the cultured mead
Nourishing fruits for all that need—
Strange that impious men should dare
Limit and lessen their brother's fare,

And bitterness bring to his happy hearth,
Till he pine and die because of the dearth.

A perishing people's curse shall fall
On the heads of those who have loosed from thrall
The Fiend of Famine, who does it all.

---

## ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN,

ON HEARING THAT SHE HAD GRACIOUSLY CAUSED COLLECTIONS TO BE MADE IN THE CHURCHES FOR THE RELIEF OF HER DESTITUTE SUBJECTS.

They ask no charitable aid
  Thy mercy might bestow;
No alms they crave, nor bounty seek,
  To soothe their spirits' woe;—
Even though thy tender breast should thrill,
  And pity's tribute fall,
To see thy people's wretched plight—
  To hear their mournful call.

A cry comes from the troubled towns—
  From many a dwelling there;
It tells of hope-consuming grief—
  Of struggling life's despair.

Time was when courtly phrase would pant
The royal ear to win,
But now, red Ruin guards the gates,
While Famine prowls within:

And mingling in that maddened wail,
Sweet woman's voice is heard;
And gentle childhood's lisping tongue
To agony is stirred:
Then marvel not as manhood gives
His flood of feeling vent—
That forth it pours in tempest tones,
By tenderness unblent.

"Our rights," the trampled people cry—
"Our rights alone can save"—
No boon benevolent they beg,
No pauper-pittance crave—
No dew-drops for the desert parched,
Which transient freshness yield,
But Nature's full perennial fount,
By Freedom's hand unsealed.

For plenty long has fled their board,
And pleasure shunned their hearth;
And sorrow, strongly eloquent,
Has stilled its song of mirth—

Till home becomes a word of hate,
Which wretched men employ;
Though once 'twas fondly treasured up,
The type of all their joy.

And sure thou wilt, most gracious Queen,
Thy subjects' wrong redress?
Oh! by thy own thrice happy home—
Thy children's fond caress—
As thou wouldst keep the light of love
A halo for thy throne,
Unbroken by the shades of care,
By sorrow yet unknown,

For them in judgment rule! and far
Away, the flatterers spurn,
Who picture only scenes of peace
When "countless thousands mourn:"
And use thy influence to destroy
The causes of their grief;
Nor rest content with doling out
This mockery of relief.

---

## "I WILL HAVE MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE."

Ye call me great, and good, and just,
The needy's stay, and the stranger's trust;

Ye name my name in your place of prayer,
And speak of my loving-kindness there.
Your hands are spread to my holy throne;
Your lips make music for me alone;
And your songs below are like those above,
And their mutual theme is the God of love.
But my ear is filled with another strain—
'Tis the piercing plaint of unheeded pain—
The deep, dread tones of a nation's wail,
As the hearts of her strong men faint and fail:
It has stilled the singing seraph's lyre,
It is louder far than your loftiest choir,
It has risen first to the golden gate,
And pleads like a claimant that will not wait;
And shall I not in my strength arise,
And avenge me on all who the claim despise?

Ye hear it not, or ye give no heed;
In vain with you do the people plead.
As your high hearts spurn their lowly suit,
As your ears are deaf—let your lips be mute;
For your pæan of praise I cannot bear,
And my spirit contemns your solemn prayer:
Your homage is hollow, your worship naught,
The incense with odour is all unfraught
Unleavened by love, such gifts I scorn:
Ye mind not your brethren's case forlorn.

Once in the ages long since past,
My people were held in fetters fast,
In a land of drought, and the shadow of death,
Where they spent for others their sweat and breath;
But they prayed to me in their starless night,
And I heard and pitied their dismal plight:
My hand their tyrant-troubler smote,
And for them a great deliverance wrought,
Till the people's rightful cause prevailed,
And I was the Lord of their freedom hailed.*

Ye read and admire my grace displayed
As I gave these trampled bondsmen aid;
Their deeds your Sabbath-songs employ,
And you share in their jubilee of joy;†
In praise of freedom's fight and gain,
Whilst slavery girdles your own domain,
And brands with its bliss-dispelling shade
Your fellow-men in my image made:
Though its withering blight on thousands fall,
Though its banner of dread is their burial-pall,
Though its cords are crushing my children dear,
Till life is stayed in its young career,
And the gladsome land which my sweet showers lave,
Yields little to them save a birth and a grave:

* Exodus xx. 2. † Psalms civ., cvi., and others.

How are they fallen from their high estate!
How do their tyrants exult in the gate!
How is the blaze of their glory dimmed!
How is the cup of their bitterness brimmed!
Blasted and dry are their channels of bliss,
But ye heedless pass by, and think nothing of this:
Enough that you "Abba, Father," cry,
Whilst the "people's poor ones" pine and die;
But their blood I shall yet at your hands require,
When I rise in the day of my terrible ire.

---

Let us now, figuratively at least, attune the heroic lyre to patriotic themes; and my first venture in this line shall have for its burden the doom of the poor country whose fall is characterized by Campbell as "the bloodiest picture in the book of time." At a period when the hopes of its rising to national life anew were much stronger than they are now, I, in sanguine mood, penned the following stanzas:—

## SCOTLAND AND POLAND.

When Scotia, smote by cruel tyrant's arm,
Sank pale, unsceptred, from her northern throne,
And Rapine round her pealed his loud alarm,
And dark Despair felt hope where hope was none—

And Freedom fair, with wild, disordered mien,
Cast o'er her cherished realm a dread review,
Gazed with bewildered vision o'er the scene,
And fainting, scarce could murmur an adieu:

But oft she waved, in mournful guise, her hand,
While dropping tears bedimmed her eye the while;
She wept—no marvel why—to leave the land
That long had basked beneath her sweetest smile.

And then across that land no gladdening ray—
No glimpse of sunshine broke the horrid gloom,
All social life, all charms were swept away;
And Tyranny knew no rival but the tomb.

For many a haughty spirit writhed in pain
Beneath the bond which stamped its bearer slave,
Felt all its weights, but scorned to hug the chain,
And, reft of other refuge, sought the grave.

Then One arose who grandly dared to live—
To live, yet not to bear the oppressive yoke;
For, fraught with strength which Heaven alone can give
At once his own and country's chains he broke:

Streams his fair banner to the breeze of heaven,
His battle-cry reverberates from afar—
His falchion gleams—the foe is backward driven—
And Victory's smile repays the toils of war.

Why name that One? exists there fertile plain
From Pentland seas to Solway, mountain bleak,
Or torrent travelling to the eternal main,
Which in its course does not of WALLACE speak?

And now, when murmuring loud from Poland's strand,
The sorrow-burdened gale to Scottish ears
Proclaims how stern Oppression's iron hand
Unlocks the sluices of a nation's tears;

Tells how across her plains a barbarous brood,
Nursed by no classic land, has swept along
Like some wide, wasting deluge unsubdued,
Teeming with ruin, prodigal of wrong:

Showing no pity, no "relenting ruth;"
(For famine consummates what havoc spares)
Beneath its billows sinks the bloom of youth;
Nor age draws respite from its hoary hairs:—

Should we, when raised to empire from the dust
Aid which we gained so fully, freely give?
The shade of Wallace loud responds, "*You must!*"
And Gratitude demands—LET POLAND LIVE.

Poland! whose sons first awed the ambitious Turk,
When Europe trembled at the impending war,
First stayed the turbaned Moslem's murderous work,
And dimmed the glittering of his scimitar.

Give Poland aid! and soothe his tortured breast
Who pines amid Siberian deserts drear;
Bring back the exile to his home of rest,
And change to smile of bliss his burning tear.

Oh! can you see unwept the sufferer torn
From home and all its precincts ought to yield?
His weeping wife—his helpless babes forlorn—
Unhearthed and starving in the inclement field!

Rescue for Poland! let the dungeon wall
Of the lone captive hear the loud acclaim;
Peal forth the cry 'twill burst his bonds of thrall,
And cherish Freedom's spark to living flame:

And wide, and far, and fiercely may it blaze,
Till Nicholas, trembling in his tent shall see
Its conquering progress, and in pale amaze,
To save his throne, pronounces POLAND FREE!

---

By way of variety, one of the party of listeners may sing the next piece, the rest joining in the chorus. It was written to promote the movement for the erection of the Bruce Statue at Lochmaben, as originated by the Rev. William Graham, of Trinity, Edinburgh; his chief coadjutors being the late Sir William Broun, Bart., Dumfries; Bailie Johnstone, Lochmaben; and the reader of this Entertainment.

## GLORIOUS BRUCE OF ANNANDALE!

AIR—"*A Highland Lad my Love was born.*"

Hey! the Lord of Annandale!
How! the Lord of Annandale!
Auld Scotia's hero-king we hail—
The glorious Bruce of Annandale!

A blessin' on Lochmaben towers!
A blessin' on Lochmaben bowers!
Which sent us him, of bairns the wale,
A richt gude son of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

When crafty Comyn sought the croun,
And tried to keep puir Scotland doun,
Wha smote him through his platet mail?
'Twas Bruce, the Lord of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

He raised the flag of Freedom true,
And followed wheresoe'er it flew;
But lang did England's micht prevail
Out owre the Bruce of Annandale.
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

They hunted him through moor and glen,
And thought his hiding-place to ken;
But syne they learned anither tale,
Frae Bruce, the Lord of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

A tale of wonder and deray,
The desperate deer has turned to bay!

The Southron dogs look dowf and quail
Before the Bruce of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

Around him friens are gathering fast—
Anither blow!—the best—the last—
Now Islesman, Lowlander, and Gael,
Lay on for Bruce of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

By Bannock's stream the blow is struck—
Through patriot pith and valour's luck
The land is freed, baith hill and vale,
Thanks to the Lord of Annandale!
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

The Statue was unveiled at a great demonstration, held in the venerable burgh on the 13th September, 1879, the late Miss Alice Hope Johnstone officiating. A verse, as follows, was added with reference to the ceremony—

Long years since then have passed away,
But Bruce's fame defies decay;
This Statue, which fair hands unveil,
Tells how he's loved in Annandale.
Hey! the Lord of Annandale! &c.

---

Some of the incidents of the struggle which took place fully thirty years ago, between Austria and Hungary, are recalled by the next

production. These nations were long united, on equal terms, under the sway of the House of Hapsburg, but, in an evil hour, the Austrian Emperor provoked the revolt of his Hungarian subjects by an endeavour to sap their independence. Electing Louis Kossuth as their Civil Governor, they sent large armies into the field under Klapka, Bem, and Gorgey, who achieved several signal victories; and it was not till the Austrians received powerful aid from Russia that the tide of battle turned in their favour. During this sad period of reverses, occurring in June, 1849, the damsel of the piece sings of her own heart's sorrows and

## THE DOWNFALL OF HUNGARY.

### A MAGYAR BALLAD.

By Duna's banks, where stately Pesth looks o'er its waters blue,
An anxious maiden sate and sang of her lover bold and true;
Her heart was warm, her hopes were strong, yet boding fears the while
Came o'er her spirit like a cloud and veiled its sunny smile;
For Alfred fought for Fatherland, from her and home afar,
Bearing above the battle's crash the standard of Magyar.
For country, freedom, and for her, the gallant warrior fought;
"And when our land is free," she sang, "the only prize he sought
Is this poor hand—would he were here to claim it for his own,
And chase away those gloomy thoughts across my spirit thrown!
Our cause is strong and holy, yet I cannot help but dree
The cruel hordes which fight against my love and Hungary.

I know he cannot leave the war while on his native plains
One Austrian churl or Cossack slave their virgin verdure stains:
That grass, alas! has oft been dyed with streams of patriot blood,
But undisgraced our soil remains, its children unsubdued:
My Alfred fights to keep it free—he must not leave the field
Till Paskiewitch and fierce Haynau before our Gorgey yield:
I could not wed a craven knight, even though he wore a crown
And pleaded love for me, who should his country's cause disown;
Ah no! while War's wild thunders rage, and maiden's hearts alarm,
My hero's pulse must beat unquailed, and fight unfoiled his arm:
But yet—but yet he lingers long! my voice has lost its glee,
And I cannot help but weep the while for my love and Hungary.

But hush those fears; since yesternight, the kindly *vorspann* brought
Glad tidings from the patriot camp—how Alfred's stout arm smote
A standard-bearer in the field and his black eagle tore,
And all our men like lions fought, till the foe were stricken sore:

Now by our cause so good and true, and great St. Stephen's crown,
And by the olden Magyar flag, that ne'er was beaten down,
And by the love I bear to him, and the faith I owe to Heaven,
I will not mourn his absence more, lest the sin be unforgiven.
I grudge him not; his country's claim is stronger far than mine;
Upon its altar victim-vowed, ere pledged at true love shrine:
His fate is with our freedom bound—he fights for home and me,
And my hope is strong that he'll soon return from the wars of Hungary."

The lady's voice and fears were hushed, her fainting heart grew strong,
But as she rose to leave the banks, whose stream had heard her song,
It heard, woes me! another voice—'twas one of hopeless wail,
And the patriot glow fled from her cheek till it turned as lily pale:
"The fortunes of the war have changed—thrice beaten in the field,
By famine pressed, by hope betrayed, our men were forced to yield;

The fell invaders sweep the land, and raise the exulting boast
O'er captive Gorgey, Kossuth fled, and Magyar freedom lost!"
"But stay," the maiden said, "canst thou aught of my Alfred tell?"
"He died in harness, like a knight, for freedom fighting well."
"Proud youth! for thy poor country slain, in death more dear to me!"
And the damsel died with a smile for him, and a sigh for Hungary.

But though Hungary was thus laid prostrate, the Imperial Government were led in the end to concede the demands for which she had fought nobly and suffered terribly, and now the two countries constitute the Austro-Hungarian Empire, living amicably together, allied but not incorporated, under the rule of the same Sovereign.

---

Coming down to the spring of 1856, reminiscences of the Crimean War, and its termination that year, are embodied in the two lyrics that follow—and which, I fear, stand in much need of sweet voices and good music to set them off.

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Oh, when will Peace, wi' kindly smile,
My weary carkin' cares beguile,
And banish guns and baignets vile,
And bring my Donald back again!

Within my breast his image lies;
For him my daily prayers arise;
And tearfu' een and sabbin' sighs
Tell how I wish him back again.

He gaed to fecht his country's foes,
'Mang far-off fells where Alma flows,
And my puir heart nae pleasure knows,
Then, Donald dear, come back again;
I canna spare thee frae my side,
For was I no thy plighted bride?
And thou wert mine, whate'er betide—
And yet thou com'st not back again.

Come, quit the scenes o' deadly weir;
I lang thy lo'esome voice to hear;
Like May-day to the mourning year
Wad be thy presence back again:
And yet thou, heedless, bid'st away,
Still mingling in the bluidy fray,
'Mang souns o' death, which seem to say—
"He'll never mair come back again."

Alack! he canna hear my tale;
The wide sea drowns my piteous wail;
Nae words o' mine can e'er avail
To bring my sodger back again;

But could I cross the ocean braid,
I'd wield wi' him the glittering blade,
And gie him needfu' cheer and aid,
Then wile him wi' me back again.

But wearifa! this canna be
Wi' sic a puir dune thing as me;
And nocht seems left but just to dee,
If Donald comes na back again.
And weel I ken he's no to blame;
'Tis honour keeps him far frae hame;
Nor would I slur his honest name,
Though love cries, "Hasten back again!"

He canna leave the deadly field
Until our foes the struggle yield,
Or peace, in solemn cov'nant sealed,
Shall send our sodgers back again.
Then, gentle Peace, wi' kindly smile,
My bosom o' its cares beguile,
And lichten up auld Scotland's isle
And me, wi' Donald back again!

## THE ARMISTICE.

Oh, fain wad I be hame though I dinna shun the field,
And wadna to a troop o' the Cossack reivers yield;

The rattle o' the cannon is music to my ear,
And death itself I've often faced without a thocht o' fear;
Nae tremor thrilled my breist when thick on ev'ry han'
My comrades fell around me on the knowes o' Inkermann;
But when I think on Scotland, the saut tear fills my e'e,
And it's hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be.

In an auld clay-biggin' by the bonnie banks o' Ayr,
There sits a frail mourner dazed wi' age and care;
For her buirdly guidman is lang since gane,
And death her braw children has frae her airms ta'en;
Except only ane, they are moulderin' in the grave,
And he is aff a-sodgerin' owre the ocean wave;
That lane widow is my mother—that sodger-lad is me;
Sae it's hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be.

I'll do my duty bravely, to ony fate resigned;
Dinna think I'm falterin' when hame-thochts fill my mind,
When I wish the war was over, and our term of exile dune,
And, instead o' cannons roarin', Peace would pipe her merry tune;
For I ken my mother's grievin', and I lang to be her stay,
To be near her, and cheer her in the dark'nin' o' life's day,
Ance mair in yon wee biggin' her look of love to see;
Sae it's hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be.

But to sic fond emotions my heart maun bid adieu,
For, hark! the drums are beatin', the Muscovite's in view;

And 'mid the deadly struggle I'll do what soldier dare;
And much I fear, dear mother, I'll never see ye mair.
But, no; the ranks are hearin' an "Order" strainge this day;
The olive's growin' green again—gruesome war 's away.
O mother, dearest mother! I'm nearly wud wi' glee!
And sune hame, hame, your sodger-boy will be.

---

Reminiscences of a long and pleasant sojourn in Ireland crowd upon me as I turn to verses that celebrate the occurrence of a peaceful conflict, the scene of which was a field on the farm of Lower Broughshane, near the pretty town of Ballymena, County Antrim, Province of Ulster. We must all regret that so many scenes and contests of a totally opposite character disturb the serenity of the other provinces of unhappy Ireland, and wish that the time may soon come when "the rainbow of hope" shall rise "bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood;" and never deadlier strife than a ploughing competition shall be waged in any portion of the Emerald Isle.

## PLOUGHING MATCH AT BALLYMENA.

Let others sing the songs of war,
  Or wildly wake the martial lyre,
To tell how rose the battle star,
  And shed around its wasting fire—
The withering beams which blight diffuse,
  And bring despair and death to many—
A nobler theme inspires my muse,
  The peaceful strife at Ballymena.

Our fathers on the fields around,
Were wont to meet in deadly fray;
Then steel on steel gave clanging sound,
Dread music for the ear of day;
Then Mercy's voice arose in vain,
The claim of grace not urged by any,
While Havoc held his ruthless reign
Upon the fields of Ballymena.

But now the steel so foully stained
Is far away in horror thrown;
The baleful battle star has waned,
And Peace proclaims this soil her own:
She sweetly smiles to mark the sod,
Once crimsoned o'er with blood of many,
Now by a peaceful army trod—
The peasant sons of Ballymena.

A furrow-forming blade they wield—
No other instrument they claim—
To pierce the uncomplaining field,
Instead of throbbing hearts, their aim:
An honest rivalry they feel—
Their object high enough for any—
Worthy of all the care and zeal
Which guide the ploughs at Ballymena.

May never deadlier strife than this
"The finest peasantry" engage,
To mar again their social bliss,
And blot anew our history's page:
And may our patriots proudly watch,
And speed the plough with efforts many,
Till all the island strive to *match*
The ploughing match at Ballymena.

---

The verses following recal the Nativity, and the lessons of peace, good-will, and practical benevolence which it is, above all other events perhaps, best fitted to enforce.

## A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

The wind blows cold o'er moor and wold,
And the rain in a deluge falls,
Grim Winter grieves at our cottage eaves,
And in pitiful accents calls:
"Good people, I pray you open the door,
For I'm drenched to the very skin:"
But we hold no parle with the sly old carle,
Nor think of letting him in.

He would spoil the mirth of our cosy hearth,
He would quench its ruddy blaze;
And the mistletoe bough, that looks beautiful now,
Would shrink 'neath his hungry gaze.

He would break the charm of our friendly chat,
And that would be a sin:
"Begone, old wight, for this Christmas night
We cannot let thee in."

Fell Winter's roar at our cottage door
Was heard the live-long night,
And, so mad was he at our hearty glee,
That he stormed with all his might.
A widow came by with an unweaned babe,
And she tirled at the pin:
"For Christ his sake now pity take,
Good people, and let me in."

"Since I can't destroy their hateful joy,"
The spiteful fiend did swear,
"This beggar and brat shall suffer for that
And no crumb of their comfort share:"
But the yielding door on its hinges turned,
And a voice, which her heart did win,
'Bove the storm's deray, was heard to say:
"Come in with thy child, come in."

Of our festive fare did the stranger share,
And her presence blessed our cheer;
More beautiful now seemed the sacred bough,
And the Yule log's blaze more clear:

Keep Winter outside, good folks, I say,
But if heart's ease you would win,
Of your basket and store give the famishing poor,
And welcome the wanderers in.

---

For the old ballads of Scotland I have had a passionate fondness, since the days of boyhood. To lecture upon them was a luxury of after times; and their minstrelsy has been like a Helicon to my humble muse, as it has been to many poets of the highest rank. Traces of its influence may be found in some of the productions already given; its spirit and style are imitated, very imperfectly I fear, in two that immediately follow and other two that I shall read afterwards. The first is a legend of love, craft, and brigandage on the Western Marches.

## THE DOUBLE RESCUE.

### A BALLAD OF THE WESTERN BORDER.

"Ye're bidden to come to the Espleywud,
And to come without delay;
For your gude lord on its green sward lies,
While his life-blude ebbs away."

On that leddy's cheek the rose was red,
Her breast wi' joy was fain,
Till the tidings turned her lily pale,
And near brak her heart in twain.

"Oh doleful news! oh fatal day!
My fleet steed saddle me,
And I'll away to the green forest,
My slaughtered lord to see."

She didna tell her dear mother,
Nor her bauld brither John,
But, wi' breathless speed, on her milk-white steed
To the greenwood hurried on.

Oure hill and dale, o'er mony a moor,
By the lei licht o' the mune:
"Noo, leddy, there ye're dear lord bides,
Our langsome journey's dune:

Nae streekit lord your visit waits,
Lying stiff in his ain heart's blude;
But a lusty knicht at your feet kneeling,
And that is twice as gude."

A joyful cry—"My dear lord's safe!"
A wail of wild despair:
By caitiff base deceived, betrayed,
Heaven help that lady fair!

"My profferred love ye lang despised,
Ye didna heed my pine,
And noo, though Fate itself said 'Na!'
Sweet scorner, ye'se be mine."

And they rade on and farther on,
That knicht and his followers three
With their prize, till stopped by a rank robber
And all his companie.

A rush of steeds, a clash of swords,
And mony a pech of pain,
Four saddles are toom and their four tenants
Lie streëk't on the dewy plain.

"Good luck is ours," quoth the robber chief,
"Our booty is rich and rare;
Last nicht the prize was a noble lord,
Noo our captive's a leddy fair:

"His ransom shall your toils reward,
My comrades true and tried,
And this dame so fair shall our fortunes share
As the bandit chieftain's bride.

"Now hie we on to our craggy home,
High revel we'll hold till day,
While this dainty damsel rests herself,
And sleeps all her cares away."

When the leddy woke frae a dead-like swoon
In an eerie cavern laid,
That had howkit been for the reivers' hold,
'Neath the wild wuds' thickest shade,

Strange visions whirled through her aching brain,
As she thocht of her hame sae sweet,
Of her mother dear, of her ain gude lord,
Till sair, sair she did greet.

Frae the roof of rock a flickering lamp
A licht like gloamin' shed,
Mair dreary it made her lone chaumer,
Mair dismal her rushet bed.

"And maun I here a captive pine
Pent in this living grave?
Lord Ringan! Lord Ringan! he canna hear—
But there's Yin can hear and save."

And then, as her orisons she paid,
Kneeling low on that floor of stane,
Didna her heart loup, wud wi' joy,
When a kent voice cried—"Amen!"

It wasna the voice of bandit rude,
Nor the echo of the rock,
Nor the glamourie of an ill spirit
Which had come her woes to mock;

'Twas the music of her ain lord's lips,
Sae gladsome and sae clear;
And before her sweet amaze was dune,
She heard these words of cheer:—

"My Lady Helen, my ain dear wife,
Whom I ne'er mair hoped to see,
Make haste to my sicht, and like angel of micht
Frae this dungeon deliver me."

She graped her way up a wearie stair,
In the strength of Heaven she grew,
And the door abune needed mony a push,
Ere it loot her lithe form through.

Then she has ta'en a wee bodkin
Hung low down by her gair,
And cuttit away the leathern cords
That bound his limbs fu' sair.

He didna tell how his hunting bout
Had brocht him to sic a strait,
How the cruel robbers had thrawl'd him sae,
Then just left him to his fate;

Nor did she tell how a wily page
Had brocht her to sic distress;
But hinnied kisses 'tween them twae,
Tellt their love and thankfulness.

Noo hand in hand they crept alang
As the day began to shine,
While their captors still in an upper cave
Sat birlin' at the wine,

In wassail wild, carousing deep,
Bragging much of their captive fair;
Vile churls to her health ye may drain your horns,
But the leddy you'll ne'er see mair!

She's off and away wi' her ain gude lord,
Seated baith on her milk-white steed—
Which nichering cam, for her voice it kend,
In the nick of her utmost need.

And they rade on and farther on,
Oh how fast for hame they rade!
Till a plump of spears made the dim wud glance
And their onward progress stayed.

"Thou graceless knicht! thou reiver vile!"
Out cried the buirdly chief,
"That's stown away my sister fair,
And put us to meikle grief;

"Give up at yince the leddy fair,
My sister sweet to me,
Or through and through your fause body
My gude sword it shall gae."

Never a word Lord Ringan spak,
And weapon he had none—
But the leddy leugh, then merrily cried,
"It's my bauld brother John!"

"Nane else it is, my sister sweet,
To meet ye I'm richt fain;
Nae wonder that you craw sae crouse,
By your ain lord captive ta'en."

They didna stop lang tales to tell
Of what did them befa',
And sune Lord Ringan and Lady Helen
Were safe in their ain dear ha'.

On yae black day they baith were lost,
On the next were safe and soun':
They are fun', they are won, they are welcomed hame,
Be praise to the Heeven's aboon.

---

I need scarcely explain that the age in which the old Scottish minstrels flourished was extremely superstitious: a belief in the existence of fairies, in the frequent appearance of wraiths and ghosts, in the power of old women to accomplish marvellous feats of malignity through means of Satan, to whom they had sold themselves—all these were points in the popular creed, and, as a matter of course, they tinctured the ballad literature of the times. With the way in which young Tamlane was rescued from a fairy tribe, by his own true love throwing her mantle over him, most of you will be familiar. That occurred on the Eastern Border of Scotland; but, in the Highlands, charms of a different kind were resorted to for effecting a similar purpose. One favourite mode of procedure was to throw down before the fairy banditti any article of value, and peremptorily require them to give up their captive in exchange for it—the words used being the emphatic sentence in Gaelic: "Sluis sho, slumus sheen!" (Mine is yours, and yours is mine). An

instance of the application of this spell, "said to be authentic,"* forms the basis of the following ballad:—

## THE HUNTER'S SWAP:

### A FAIRY TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

"A court, a court!" cried the Fairy Queen,
"A court in our crystal ha',
For I want to wale a waiting-woman
To come at my beck and ca'!"

She wadna hae an elfin sprite,
Her servitor to be,
But a douce damsel of human-kind,
Wi' grace and gravity.

"To tend on you, guid Fairy Queen,
I wad hae mickle pride,
To busk ye weel, or cradle ye saft,
And never to leave your side."

Maiden and dame, baith young and auld,
Whom the fairies had captive taen,
Thus offert themselves for the Queen's service,
But she was pleased wi' nane.

* Lecture on the Highlands. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 1860.

"Wise are ye," she said to yin,
"And a comely wench I ween;
But owre dear ye like the auld mither,
Whase hame ye left yestreen."

"And ye wad tend me weel," she said,
To another leddy fair,
"Wad ye only forget the mortal lord
Whase face ye'll ne'er see mair."

"Break up the court!" cried the Fairy Queen,
"And scour the country wide,
And bring a leddy to wait on me
Wha would never leave my side:

"Ye maunna borrow a love-sick lass—
She would ne'er her duty learn;
Nor new-made wife, nor nursing mither,
Wha would maen for her absent bairn;

"But a comely maid in her early teens,
Whase heart is hale and free—
The fairy wha brings me sic a prize
Rewarded weel shall be."

Off and away went the fairy folk,
Trooping o'er bank and brae,
And some like birds to the distant south
On their thievish task did gae;

Till they were aware of a weel-faur'd maid,
Wha lilted loud and sang
Like a lintie-bird, her heart seemed licht
As the simmer day is lang:

And aye as she sang at her bower door,
While sewing her silken seam,
A chorus cam' frae the lift aboon
Like sweet music in a dream.

Three birds flew by wi' a whittering soun':
"Noo, bonnie birdies, stay!"
But aye the louder she bade them bide,
The faster they flew away

To a plantin' green, a wee bit off,
And there, frae its tapmost tree,
Again they raised their witching strains,
'Twas like Heaven's ain minstrelsie.

They wiled her far frae her faither's ha',
Adown the dell sae green;
They bore her off in their fearfu' nebs,
A prize for the Fairy Queen.

A frail auld man in the wud cuttin',
In haste his axe doon threw,
And sained himsel' as the unco sight
Cam' gliding into view:

He saw like the buik o' a woman's body
Floatin' high the cluds amang;
While corbies three, baith big and fell,
Their burden bore alang.

Some puir wee weans were gowans pu'in',
When daunering to the schule;
But their posies withered as owre them passed
That sicht o' dread and dool.

Owre hill and dale wi' furious speed
The fairy corbies went,
Aye far removed frae mortal e'e,
Till day was nearly spent;

And joost as owre the eerie earth
Fell gloamin's cloak so blae,
They nearer cam' till their burden seemed
But mist on the mountain brae.

But a cannie carle on the hills hunting—
Hunting the hills for deer—
The strange sicht saw through gathering fog,
And swat wi' mortal fear:

He kent they were nae orra birds
That were busy wi' siccan prey;
He guessed richt true they were spitefu' elves
Bearing some puir captive away:

Then he thocht o' a potent counter-spell,
And, making the holy sign,
A guid fat buck down threw, and cried,
"*Mine is yours, and yours is mine!*"

Nae arrow keen frae his big cross-bow
Could hae dune them ony harm;
But they couldna refuse his fair challenge,
Nor resist its fatal charm.

They wappit their wings in wild deray,
Then loot their burden fa';
And dismal screamed as they fled away,
"She's won frae 'mang us a'!"

In the very spot where the deer was thrown,
Lay a lassie cauld and wan;
He lifted her up richt tenderlie,
And hame wi' his fair prize ran.

They tended her the lang nicht through,
Where she lay as stiff as leid,
Till chanticleer in the morning crew,
And summoned her frae the deid.

"Oh dinna greet, my sweet wee leddy,
Nor tear your yellow hair—
You've nocht to fear," pled the kind guidwife,
"Oh dinna sab sae sair:

"I lost, alack, my yae dochter,
In the back-end o' the year;
Ye're come frae the dead to tak' her place,
And I'll be your mother dear."

"Oh, tak' me hame," aye the maiden cried,
"Hame, hame me tak', I pray;
And oh, and ye wad my blessing earn,
Drive thae gruesome birds away."

But they couldna fin' where her dwelling was,
And months and years flew on,
Till the funlin' maid a woman grew,
And in peerless beauty shone;

The blume had come to her cheek again,
And the sparkle to her e'e,
But she ne'er got back the lassie heart,
Sae lichtsome and sae free.

And what do ye think? on yae June day
Cam' down thae corbies black,
To play their cantrips owre again,
But they couldna wile her back:

And yin o' them said to the tither twa,
"I wad fain pike oot her e'en,
For she's gaen the heart to Hieland Hamish,
That we meant for the Fairy Queen."

Noo, off to your roost, ye cruel elves,
Gang hame to your seely cave,
For the leddy ye lost will be wed this day,
To his son, wha did her save.

A marriage gran' it was I ween,
Held in the chief's ain ha';
And joost for to grace it a' the mair,
He gied the bride awa'.

"What ails ye noo, my ain dear bride,
The saut tear wats your e'e?"
"I canna but greet as that gray-haired lord
Looks aye sae fain on me;

"He seems sae like my ain faither,
For whom I aye maun pine;
I've surely heard that voice before,
In days o' auld langsyne."

"Noo, Heaven be praised," the stranger said,
"And the guid lord o' this place,
That bade me to this bridal come,
Since I've seen that bonnie face.

"Where got ye your bride, Hamish,
Your daintie, winsome bride,
She minds me much o' my lost dochter,
My only joy and pride?"

Out and spak the bridegroom's faither,
" It's ten lang years 'gin May,
Since I saved her frae some cruel fairies
That were carrying her away:

" Her dress was o' the sea-green silk,
Rich pearls were in her hair,
And the girdle o' her middle jimp,
Sparkl't wi' diamonds rare;

" May Margaret she called herself,
Sir Maurice her faither's name,
A knicht wha lived in the south countrie,
O' meikle wealth and fame."

" Noo, God be blessed," the veteran cried,
" Who brocht me wandering here,
The bonnie bride is my yae dochter,
My dochter doubly dear."

The bridal guests looked wondering on,
And tears frae ilk e'e did rin,
As the auld lord hung owre his bonnie bairn,
And kissed her cheek and chin.

The knot was tied, the feast was served,
The merry bells were rung,
The pipers played, and reels were danced,
And bridal ballads sung.

And Sir Maurice said to the bridegroom's sire,
"Your son my son shall be,
He better deserves my May to wed,
Than knicht o' high degree:"

Then pawkilie cried the canny hunter,
"Let's toast their health in wine:
My words o' spell new meaning hae,
*Mine is yours, and yours is mine.*"

---

Of traditionary versicles, in addition to venerable ballads, every district in Scotland has a share. Our own locality possesses a fair proportion of these rhymes, with some of which you must all be familiar. Who amongst us, save the very youngest, has not frequently heard the following among others? the first five of which I have never seen in print, but the others appear in Chambers's "Popular Rhymes of Scotland:"—

"Malagozo, Malagozie,
Open the door and turn the key."

"Tig, tig, your mother's a Whig,
And she leeves at the en' o' the Auld Brig."

"Eerie orie, owre the mill-dam,
Tak her oot and let her gang;
Black fish, white trout,
Eerie orie, ye're oot."

"I had a little moppit, I put her in my pocket,
And fed her with corn and hay;
There came a proud beggar, and swore he would have her,
And stole my little moppit away."

"I'll tell ye a story about Johnnie Moray,
He went to the woods and killed a sparrow;
I'll tell ye anither about his brither,
He went to the woods and killed anither."

"Lazy deuks that sit i' the neuks,
And winna come oot to play,
Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
Come oot and play at hide-and-seek."

"Haly on a cabbage-stock, haly on a bean,
Haly on a cabbage-stock, the morn's Hallowe'en."

"The lion and the unicorn
Fechtin' for the crown,
Up starts the little dog
And dings them baith doun."

"Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
And round about merry-ma-tanzie."

"I had a little sister, they called her Peep-Peep,
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbed up the mountains high, high, high,
But poor little sister, she had but one eye."

Many of these familiar rhymes illustrate old manners and customs, and some of them are replete with the elements of romance. The first two quoted supplied texts for the trifles subjoined. All the localities referred to in "Malagozo and Malagozie" are favourite resorts of Young Dumfries.

## HOLIDAY EXPLOITS AND HOME.

Wandering lang in Terregles glen,
Hameward we come wi' our nits and slaes,

Socht for in neuks which few folk ken,
Scraffl't for over its scroggie braes:
Hungry as hawks are we yin and a',
Though the sweet and the sour we baith did pree,
And haggis at hame will welcome be:
"Malagozo and Malagozie,
Open the door and turn the key."

Busy as bees on Cluden's banks,
Baiting the heuk and throwin' the line,
But the wee, wily fish foilt a' my pranks,
And ye've got naething but bilters nine;
But greater treasure than trout was ours—
The chairms o' Nature while wandering free,
And rest after roving fu' sweet will be:
"Malagozo and Malagozie,
Open the door and turn the key."

Warriors wearie, yet unco bauld,
Battling a' day at Lincluden's tower;
Your side keeping the castle auld,
Mine assailing 't wi' a' our power;
Gloamin' brought us a welcome truce,
And noo the castle o' hame we see,
That will open it's yett to you and to me:
"Malagazo and Malagozie,
Open the door and turn the key."

Doon a' day by the Solway side,
Near Burns's biggin ayont the Broo,
We paidelt lang in the shimmering tide,
Then pukit flowers o' the bonniest hue;
But the posie begins to hang its heid,
And we are as wearied as boys can be,
And lang for a rest on our mother's knee:
"Malagozo and Malagozie,
Open the door and turn the key."

Hame returned frae sic like ploys
Dearer than ever seemed a' things there,
As thochts o't doobled a' our joys
When wanderin "like commoners of air;"
And sweeter still than the sang o' birds
Was the voice that said, wi' motherly glee,
"Noo, boys, to bed, that our chorus may be—
"Malagozo and Malagozie,
*Lock* the door and turn the key."

---

The Brig-end of the following verses is the original name of Maxwelltown, which, two hundred years ago, was a very humble clachan though it is now a fine town with 5000 inhabitants. On Devorgilla's Bridge, which unites Maxwelltown to Dumfries, the heads and right arms of the Martyrs who suffered in 1666 were affixed. A short while prior to that date the term Whig began to be applied to the Covenanting party, and that of Tory to their political and ecclesiastical opponents. In the

piece, youthful representatives of each exchange verbal shots—the juvenile Royalist beginning the fray with what he considers to be terms of reproach :—

## THE BRIG-END WIDOW.

"Oh, tig, tig, your mother's a Whig,
And a carline sour is she;
As I pass her door my bluid rins cauld—
She's sae wrinkled, eerie-looking, and auld,
A witch she weel micht be,
The hoose and the tenant are just a pair,
And ye're a crab o' the same Whig tree:
Tig, tig, your mother's a Whig,
And she leeves at the end o' the Auld Brig."

"Noo, haud your tongue, ye silly coof,
Speak nae mair thus to me,
If ye dinna quickly change your tune,
Look oot for a crack on your senseless croon,
For I'm prood, as I weel may be,
O' my mother dear, though worn and frail,
Though her biggin is puir and wee;
I'm prood o' her because she's a Whig,
Though she leeves at the end o' the Auld Brig.

"Yince she was fair as weel as young,
Wi' rowth o' this warld's gear,

But her guidman risked baith land and life
In the glorious Covenanting strife—
At which ye fain wad jeer;
As he fought for the cause on Rullion Green,
They took his life on the gibbet drear,
Then set his heid on the Port o' the Brig,
And this is why my mother's a Whig.

"And this is why she leeves close by
In a cabin sae wee and mean;
For dear to her are the Auld Brig stanes
That were wat wi' the blude o' my faither's veins;
And ye're nocht but a gowk, I ween,
That wad speak sic like to the martyr's son,
Warning I gae ye fair, my freen';
If ye say't again, though ye look sae big,
I'll whurl ye ower the Auld Brig."

The saucy brat who the fray began
Grew shaky, heid and heel;
For warstlin' or fechtin' nae heart he had,
Sae aff for the Vennel he set like mad—
As if chased by the very deil:
And never since has he used his tongue
To bother or taunt the Whigling chiel
Wi' "Tig, tig, your mother's a Whig,
And she leeves at the end o' the Auld Brig."

Returning to the ballad minstrelsy, let me explain, as introductory to the next piece, that in the year 1645 a plague visited Edinburgh which almost depopulated the Canongate and some other portions of the city. Of its fell presence a singular memorial still remains, on the north side of the street just named, in the form of a huge square tenement, called Morocco Land from the effigy of a turbaned Moor which projects from a recess above the second floor, and having an alley passing under it, inscribed with the following legend—"Miserere mei Domine: a Peccato, Probro, Debito, et morte Subita. Libera me 1.6.18." To account for the existence of this edifice various stories are told, the most complete and consistent one, perhaps, being given by Wilson, in his "Memorials of Edinburgh,"* to this effect:—During a tumult in the city, after the accession of Charles I., the house of the Chief Magistrate, Sir John Smith of Groat Hall, was set on fire, and a young man named Andrew Gray, presumably a medical student, the alleged leader of the rioters, was tried, and sentenced to death, notwithstanding the influence exercised by the Kinfauns family, of which he was a cadet. He escaped from prison, however, by means of a rope that a friend conveyed to him, and was soon far away beyond pursuit. During the crisis of the pestilence, a large, armed vessel, of a suspicious rig, anchored in Leith Roads, causing general dismay—the feeling of terror culminating when a numerous band landed from the ship and, advancing to the Netherbow in the Canongate, demanded admittance: the result is told in the ballad I am about to read. Following generally the tradition given by Wilson, I have occasionally, with the view of making it increasingly consistent with itself, taken some little liberties with it, in virtue of the poetical license which all minstrels—modern not less than ancient—are allowed to exercise; but the escape of Andrew Gray from the gallows, his enrichment, when abroad, by the Bey or Emperor of Morocco; his return as a pirate to take vengeance on Provost Smith; his services as a physician to the plague-stricken city, and his subsequent marriage, are incidents in the narrative which I have scrupulously retained, and I think you will agree with me that they make up a highly romantic whole.

* As quoted in "Old and New Edinburgh," vol. ii., pp. 667 and 668. London Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1881.

## MOROCCO LAND:

### A LEGEND OF THE CANONGATE.

The scaffold rises at Canongate Cross,
Waiting grimly for its prey;
But the hemp 's no spun that can hairm the craig
O' the convict Andrew Gray.

By anither cord than the hangman's coil,
Frae the Tolbooth he gat free;
And a galley gude frae the Pier o' Leith
Bore him safely owre the sea.

"Fareweel, my native town!" he cried,
"But I'll be back ere lang,
And vengeance tak' on Provost Smith,
Wha put me in prison strang;

"Wha put me in the dark Tolbooth,
To dree a death o' shame,
And a' because o' a boyish prank,
For which I'm scarce to blame."

To the far Morocco Land he sailed;
And sune wi' the Barbary Bey
Nae native chief mair influence had
Than the white man, Andrew Gray:

For Andrew was a skilfu' leech,
And an awesome plague he stayed,
As it gaed careering owre the land
On a life-destroying raid.

They gaed him honours, land, and gowd,
For service sic as this,
And tauld him for onie ither boon
He could scarcely ask amiss.

Yae favour mair he sought, and got,
A ship to carry him hame—
A weel-manned ship which bore him back
To Edinburgh ower the faem.

For three lang years he had been away,
And yet, as he hameward turned,
Nae tender hame-thochts filled his heart—
For fell revenge it burned.

He anchored in the Roads o' Leith,
Wi' his followers ten times ten,
Wha seemed to the gairds o' the Netherbow
Like goblins, mair than men;

A pack o' gruesome blackamoors,
Weel airmed for a deidly fray,
Wha's captain bade them pass the port,
And wadna be said nay.

"We'll let you through," said the start'lt watch,
"But we rede ye weel beware,
For the Canongate 's like a lazar-house
Wi' the black pest raging there:—

"It first attack't the puirer wynds,
Noo it enters bower and ha',
And this day our Provost's only bairn
Lies sick in its deidly thraw."

These words o' wae on Andrew's heart,
Wrocht like a warlock's spell,
And frae his e'en nae langer fierce,
Fu' fast the saut tears fell:

Words o' spell fu' sure were they
Sent frae Mercy's dwelling-place,
Which chainged him frae a demon fell
To a spirit o' love and grace.

"I brocht ye here," to his band he said,
"To burn and waste and slay,
For the grievous wrangs which its Emir did
To me in a bygane day;

"But the plague which yince Morocco wrecked
Has punished the place richt sair,
And what I did for a fremit land,
I maun dae for my ain and mair."

He sent his men back to their ship,
Then took his weel-kent way,
Past the Tolbooth grim, to the Provost's house—
Where the plague-struck damsel lay.

"Who comes sae rash to this house o' dool,"
The sorrowing Provost said,
As the seeming strainger, weel disguised,
A courteous greeting paid.

"A doctor skilled, from a foreign shore,
Who comes, if he can, to save
That maiden fair, your dochter dear,
Who seems so near her grave."

He bade the nurses dry their tears,
Then, wi' draps frae a vial sma',
He raised the far-gane sufferer up,
A ferlie 'mang them a'.

Wi' his lixir o' life he gaed aboot,
For a week he took nae rest,
Working sic like chairms on rich and puir,
As were suffering frae the pest:

Then back again to the Provost's house,
To speir for his patient fair;
He fand her gratefu', glad, and weel,
And dowert wi' beauty rare,

Which pierced his heart, and changed his fate:
"Oh, gin she were my bride,
I wad happy be," thocht the love-sick leech,
"Whatever micht else betide."

Then oot he spak to her faither auld,
In the gude, braid Scottish tongue,
While the Moorish tunic that looked sae strainge
Aside he sudden flung:

"Ye're wonder-struck, Lord Provost Smith,
And weel I wat ye may,
For the man wha cured your dochter fair
Is nae ither than Andrew Gray—

"Wha fled away frae the Canongate
To escape a death o' shame:
And swearing vengeance dark on you,
Wi' a pirate band cam' hame;

"But, when I saw the toon devoor't
By the fangs o' a cruel pest,
My fiendish thochts to pity turned—
And I needna tell the rest.

"For takin' pairt in a town's riot
Ye doomed me to the tree,
But since I've gien ye gude for ill,
Ye maun gude gie back to me;

"For the hand and heart o' your dochter sweet—
For them I plead and pine,
I brocht her to you frae the brink o' death,
Noo ye maun mak' her mine;

"There was life for her in the chairm I brocht,
Frae Barbary owre the sea,
The talisman o' her witching smile
Wad be mair than life to me."

At the ootset o' this unco tale
A gallows grim we saw;
A different sicht noo greets oor een—
Naething less than a bridal braw,

Wi' Andrew Gray as the gallant groom,
While standing by his side,
Is the dear-lo'ed lass—whose life he saved;
As his daintie, winsome bride.

His reiver loons gaed hame their lane,
Nae mair he crossed the strand—
Yet sooth to say, a' his after life
Was spent in "Morocco Land;"

For a biggin he built which bears that name,
And it 's standing till this day,
Wi' an image in stane on its upper front,
O' his patron, the Barbary Bey.

And lang may this guidly tenement
In the Canongate be seen
To testify to the truths I've tauld,
And to keep the memory green

O' Andrew Gray, who by Heavenly grace
First conquered his ain heart's sin,
Then sallied forth, wi' the draigon-plague
A battle to wage and win;

His weapons—mercy, love, and skill—
Which were never ken't to fail,
And, when used aricht, owre a' forms o' ill
They are michty to prevail.

---

To the Western Highlands we must go for the scenery, and to the middle of the fifteenth century for the period, of our next tale in verse. Sir John Stewart of Lorn, when returning from a rural gathering at Crieff, met with a wedding-party from Ardveigh which he joined, led to do so by the charms of Dame Maclaren, a daughter of that house. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides; but it did not result in wedlock till nineteen years afterwards, when Sir John, for the purpose of legitimating the son born to them, resolved to make the lady his wife. This determination on his part was like gall and wormwood to Alan M'Cowle, a base, unscrupulous chief, who had an eye to the estate, and fancied he would be more likely to get a good slice of it, at least, if the succession fell to Walter, the brother of Sir John, a feeble old man, than if it were devolved upon young Dugald of Ardveigh. The incidents which ensue arise out of a plot laid by M'Cowle to circumvent the marriage. As narrated in the ballad, they are all true to a

tradition preserved by the Maclarens—not excepting the prediction of the *ban-fhiosaiche*, and its fulfilment. It was in 1463 that Dugald Stewart, at the age of nineteen, received a message from his father inviting him to go to Dunstaffnage with the bride. Mother and son, accompanied by pipes, banners, and a goodly retinue, set out accordingly for the old castle—so famous in our annals as containing the "Stone of Destiny" on which the Scottish Kings were crowned till it was removed to Scone by Kenneth II., and which is still used as a coronation chair at Westminster. So imposing was the cavalcade that it inspired the muse of a local bard, a fragment of whose poem on the subject is still extant, and has been translated into English by a competent Gaelic scholar, Mr. Charles Stewart, of Tighnduin. Let me give a specimen of the poem before proceeding with the ballad:—"That day you left Lochearnside with your gentle mother on your arm, you were a hero tall and powerful, and well did your mountain dress adorn you. Young Dugald, akin you are to him now wearing the royal crown; and in your pulses is flowing gleefully the blood which makes you of a mighty race. Great will be the feast in yon Dun in the west, when with graceful courtesy you both reach it. Now may health and bliss never failing attend the wife now leaving for Dunstaffnage."

## THE BRIDAL TRAGEDY.

"Oh, mony a year has come and gane,
Sir John, since ye courted me,
Since I gave ye a' my heart held dear,"
Sighed the sad leddy of Ardveigh.

"And, when ye won my virgin heart,
Ye promised to tak' me hame
To the castle of Lorn as your wedded love,
And mak' me its titled dame;

"It may be that your love's grown cauld—
For my broo's nae langer fair,
And the rosy blume frae my cheek has fled,
And silvery white's my hair;

"But, dear Sir John, my sweet Sir John,
Think on your son and mine,
And, for his sake, your vows fulfil
Ye pledged to me lang syne.

"A manly youth our Dugald is,
A Stewart in lith and limb;
And even his kinsman on the throne
Micht weel be proud o' him;

"A better head of your royal clan
Ye never can hope to see,
Then, sweet Sir John, mak' me your wife,
That Dugald your heir may be."

Down knelt she low before the knicht,
But, raising her to her feet,
He kissed her owre and owre again,
Till wi' joy she maist did greet;

For the auld true love he bore for her
Cam' gushing back anew,
And he named the day, the bridal day,
When he'd keep his promise true.

"The heir of Lorn shall Dugald be,
My hope, defence, and pride,
But it's no for him, but your ain dear sake
That I'll mak' ye my leddy-bride."

To the wedding gay in Dunstaffnage grim
Trooped many a merry guest;
And though Alan M'Cowle got never a ca',
He rade thither amang the rest.

"The lands of Lorn, which I claim mysel',
To be heired by a bastard boy,
This shall not be!" swore that spiteful chief,
"I shall spoil their artful ploy."

As the bride wi' her son to Dunstaffnage rade,
A carline, auld and gray,
Stept forrit, and, takin' the young man's hand,
Asked, "Where are ye going this day?"

"What matter is that to you, old dame?
I go to receive my due."
"It matters meikle," the spae-wife said,
"For last nicht I dreamed of you.

"That Dugald of Ardveigh—joost yersel'—
Though out of wedlock born,
Would for eight-and-twenty years to come
Be head of the house of Lorn;

"*When the coronach at Dunstaffnage Ha',*
*The wedding guests shall sing,*
*Ye'll get yere richts at a bridal braw*
*Through the bole of a deid man's ring.*"

These words of weird were dark to him,
As they were to his mother dear—
But, lang before the sun gaed doon,
Their outcome was made clear.

The castle bells on the marriage day
Rang out a blythesome tune;
From the chapel bell cam' a doleful knell
Before the day was dune.

The hour arrives, the bride awaits,
Wi' a party licht and gay,
And the priest prepares for the holy rite,
But the bridegroom bides away.

"Why does he tarry, my ain dear lord?"
In her heart said the leddy fair;
A voice outside gave a dreid reply
In sounds of wild despair;

A shriek of pain frae her ain true love,
And the sad *ochonorie*
Which clansfolk raise when a chieftain falls,
The doom of death to dree.

They bore him within, that murdered knicht,
And the last words he did say
Were "Kiss me, wife—make her mine, Sir Priest,
Ere the grave can claim its prey."

Fondly she kissed his pale, pale cheek,
And eke his blude-wat chin;
While a purple shower frae the fount of life
Owre her dainty robes did rin.

"Now, Dugald dear," said the kindly priest,
"Talk not of vengeance now,
But bear in thy arms the sinking bride
While she takes the marriage-vow;

"Only a minute or two remain—
A precious term of grace—
Sustain the bride, while I help the groom
On her finger the ring to place.

"'Tis done—may the rite performed on earth
Be registered in heaven;
And the soul of Sir John, as it passes hence,
From all its sins be shriven!"

Waly, waly, the deid bridegroom,
Laid low by yae fell stroke,
His marriage-bed "the black, black kist,
That has neither key nor lock!"

And waly, waly, the widow-bride,
The sweet leddy of Ardveigh,
Sae lang a mother, and no a wife,
And a wife but for minutes three!

Dark Alan M'Cowle, wha wrocht this wreck,
Unhairmed frae the Castle fled,
But when five lang years had passed away,
He, too, lay stiff and dead:

All covered wi' gore on the battle-field—
Cut doon by the vengeful sword
Of Dugald Stewart, his victim's son,
And of Lorn the richtfu' lord.

Eight-and-twenty years he ruled—
For the spae-wife's words cam' true,
And a worthier chief than Sir Dugald
Argyllshire never knew.

Before the death of Dugald, however, the Campbells acquired a portion of the lordship, and his family then took the designation of the Stewarts of Appin. One of its members settled in Dumfriesshire towards the close of the last century, and from him sprang the late Charles Stewart, of St. Michael's, factor on the Annandale estate, and long the leader of the County in its business affairs; also his brother, the late David Stewart, the benevolent originator of the Dumfries Ragged and Industrial Schools. The late John Hope Johnstone Stewart, Slodahill, a nephew of these gentlemen, was an acknowledged authority in agricultural questions, and an archæologist of considerable note.

Assisted by his cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Stewart, he produced an admirable biography of the Stewarts of Appin,* from which I obtained the tale of "The Bridal Tragedy."

---

My budget is now nearly quite "toom," and it is time, at any rate, that I should draw to a close. I propose to finish with a song—not exactly in honour of "our noble selves," but with one intended to magnify the Queen of the South, to which most of us belong. When "Auld Dumfries, fair Dumfries," set to music by Emile Berger, first appeared, an accomplished local vocalist, while giving it a word of praise, protested against its length as being that of a "wee oratorio!" When writing it, however, I wished to epitomize in verse all the chief scenic characteristics of the town, and the leading historical events with which it is associated; and for the accomplishment of this task many more lines were needed than are usually allotted to lyrical pieces. Those who find the seven long stanzas, of which the song consists, too exacting, usually omit the third, fourth, and fifth. We must, however, sing the whole of it before parting; but whilst you are "tuning your pipes," let me premise a few explanatory remarks. In the first verse there are references to the founders of the town, to its situation, and to the charter received by it from William the Lion about 1190, which raised it to the rank of one of his own royal burghs. Figuring in the second verse appear the visions of the old Castle, and of the Greyfriars' Monastery, in which Sir Robert Bruce slew Sir John Comyn of Badenoch, also the still substantial Devorgilla's Bridge, built nearly a hundred years after the above date, which still survives. On the 20th of August, 1563, Mary, Queen of Scots, paid a visit to Dumfries for the purpose, it is supposed, of promoting amicable negotiations with Queen Elizabeth. "The beauteous Mary," accompanied by her husband (Darnley), again visited the town on the 11th of October, 1565, her object this time being to make preparations for the pending conflict with the Protestant Lords. Sometime in 1562 the intrepid Reformer, John Knox, so-

* Edinburgh: Printed for private circulation by Maclachlan & Stewart, 1880.

journed for several days in the burgh, having come hither to preside at the election of a moderator over the various congregations that had been formed throughout the district: to these noteworthy visits; to the persecution of the Covenanters; and to the Martyrs—William Grierson, William Welsh, and James Kirk—who lie buried in St. Michael's Churchyard, allusion is made in the third verse. In the fourth, the festive gatherings, the peaceful pageants, and the warlike wappenshaws of the lieges, are referred to—the presentation of the Silver Gun to the Trades by James VI. in 1611 receiving special notice; while the forays made by the English Borderers, and the Jacobite occupation of the burgh in 1745, form the substance of the fifth. In the sixth verse, the music of the Caul, delightful to the ear of all true Dumfriesians, as its waters glide over the weir, is associated with the never-dying strains which Burns gave to the world during his five years' residence in the burgh; the song closing with a notice of "New" Dumfries as it now appears, brawly buskit and growing bigger and bonnier as the years pass along.

## AULD DUMFRIES, FAIR DUMFRIES.

Auld Dumfries, fair Dumfries, for ever dear to me,
Seated where in cosy bield the Britons planted thee;
Watered by the wimpling Nith, girt by guardian hills,
Looking in your winsome face, pride my bosom fills:
Ilka feature glads the e'e, to the memory brings
Mony thochts o' tenderness and blinks o' bygane things,
What time the buirdly Romans ruled the country wide,
Lang before the Lion King claimed thee for his bride.

Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Dowered by Nature's daintie hand, the bonniest place I see.

Your famous, ancient castle was lang since taken doun,
Holy touricks where it stood, noo the causeway croon;
But Devorgilla's unco brig remains, though wasted sair,
Lang may the Lammas floods its veteran arches spare!
And the auld-fashioned Vennel is still to the fore;
Its altar yince was dreepin' wi' the Red Comyn's gore,
Slaughtered by Sir Robert Bruce in Freedom's hour o' need,
While the fell Kirkpatrick "siccar" made the deed.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Birth-place of our liberties, the bonniest place I see.

Twice the beauteous Mary keekit in your face,
The glamour o' her witching e'e scatterin' joy and grace;
Dirled were your biggins wi' Knox's michty voice;
The Solemn League and Covenant was your cordial choice,
Though the dour carle Claverse round the country rode,
Your manly sons resisting him reid-wat shod:
Some o' them wha joyfully their heart's bluid waired
The martyr's sleep are sleeping in your auld Kirk-yaird.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Rich in sacred memories, the bonniest place I see.

Ither scenes come linkin' up, the lively and the braw,
Of pageantry in lordly bowers, and burghal wappenshaw;
Of Ridin' a' the Marches roun'; of revelry and fun,
When the Trades frae Scotland's king, got their Siller Gun,

Frae the braid Blue Blanket, floating wide and free,
Mony a glower Saint Michael gied, glad the sicht to see:
O leeze me on King James the Sixt! let nane his wut gainsay,
He was the British Solomon on that reid-letter day.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Wi' junketings and banquetings, the bonniest place I see.

In mony a Border battle ye bore a dooble share;
In mony a feudal foray ye suffered sad and sair.
Wasted by the Southron loons, lain in ashes black,
Swith ye aye got up again, and paid the reivers back;
Dool to the feckless dyke that ever loot them in!
But blessin's on the strong airms that made them hameward rin!
Yince Charlie wi' his Hielanders your aumrie emptied clean,
But the puir lad was sair pressed, or he wadna been sae keen.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
In spite o' bygane broileries, the bonniest place I see.

Owre the Caul the waters dance, wi' a pleasant croon,
Welcome to your charmed ear as laverock's voice in June;
And minglin' wi' the canticles with which your bowers rang,
For precious simmers five arose an everlasting sang—
'Twas loud and lown, blythe and sweet, sorrow's sel' by turns,
Its singer was your ain great son—glorious Robert Burns;

And since they laid him in the mools, the sacred, solemn
trust
Is yours to tent wi' miser care the Poet's sleeping dust.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Burgh of the Poet's shrine, the bonniest place I see.

Auld Dumfries, fair Dumfries, sae auld and yet sae new,
Growin' bigger every year, and bonnier to the view;
Wi' ha's and kirks fu' splendid, and birring, busy mills
Where Industry wi' eident hand the horn o' Plenty fills;
Wi' braw villas buskit, and crouned wi' steeples five,
My blessin' be on you and yours; lang may ye thrive!
Wi' rowth o' bairns about ye, better ne'er hae been,
A' loyal to their mither dear—the daintie Southern Queen.
Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, for ever dear to me:
Of burgh-touns the pick and wale, the bonniest place I see.

---

Here our INGLESIDE ENTERTAINMENT closes, and we must separate. My parting wish is—

"To each and all a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

THE END.

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